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THEOSOPHY

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO

THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY
THE STUDY OF OCCULT SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY,
AND ARYAN LITERATURE

Vol. V, 1916-17

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The Parent Theosophical Society was formed at New York, U. S. A., in 1875, by H. P. Blavatsky, with whom were associated William Q. Judge, Henry S. Olcott, and others.

The defined Objects of the Society were as follows:

I. To form a nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

II. The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and

III. The investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

Assent to the First Object only was obligatory on the part of all Fellows, the other Objects being subsidiary and optional.

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A U M

It behooves thee to hasten to the Light and to the Beams of the Father;
From whence was sent to thee a Soul clothed with much Mind.
These things the Father conceived, and so the Mortal was animated;
For the paternal mind sowed symbols in Souls;
Replenishing the Soul with profound Love.
For the Father of Gods and men placed the mind in the Soul,
And in the Body he established you.—*Oracles of Zoroaster.*

THEOSOPHY

Vol. V NOVEMBER, 1916 No. 1

No Theosophical Society, as such, is responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

Where any article, or statement, has the author's name attached, he alone is responsible, and for those which are unsigned, the Editors will be accountable.

THEOSOPHY'S FIFTH YEAR

THE present magazine THEOSOPHY is a reimbodiment or reincarnation of the "Path" published and edited by Wm. Q. Judge from April 1886 until the early part of the year 1896.

By Mr. Judge's express wish, the title was changed to "Theosophy", the first number of which was published a few days after his death. Unfortunately for the society, the Movement and the magazine, the policy and method which had proved so successful in the hands of Mr. Judge, were so changed by those who essayed to fill his place, that the spirit and genius of "The Path" soon departed from its successor, and even the title "Theosophy" which he desired the magazine to be continued under was discontinued after a short period, thus severing the last slender connection.

The present magazine was established with the end in view of preserving the works of Mr. Judge, and presenting them in their integrity to students present and future; at the same time resurrecting forgotten writings of H. P. B., and pointing to the concordance in the writings of both those Teachers. Whatever there may be of merit or demerit in this effort, can be determined only by Karma, whose inexorable balance adjusts all things. Under that Law this work was begun, and under It will be continued.

Our fifth year corresponds to that of "The Path", and the article written by Wm. Q. Judge at the beginning of the fifth year of

that magazine, applies directly to the present effort; we therefore print it below in full. It may be noted that the last paragraph in the reprinted article shows a prevision of the disruption of the then united Theosophical Society, five years in advance of the time.

As with "The Path", this year will determine the measure of success of THEOSOPHY for the succeeding four years; we may only hope that our "four pillars of Sincerity, Devotion, Determination of Purpose, and Integrity" are builded strong enough to withstand any shock in our "second fifth", and that Wm. Q. Judge's work and place in the Movement may meet, in ever-increasing measure, the grateful recognition now so widely and truly accorded.

THE PATH'S FIFTH YEAR.*

Our Magazine has turned the last corner of the square and now enters upon its fifth year. Whether it shall live ten or twenty years longer we know not, but as the future grows from the present and the past is ever being repeated in the future, so its four years of activity just ended are not dead, for they will reproduce their influence in the years that are to come until their force is increased by being swallowed up in those that are stronger.

In the third month of the first year of THE PATH its death within the year was predicted, but fate has ruled otherwise, and we have been accorded the opportunity of attempting to erect the four pillars of Sincerity, Devotion, Determination of Purpose, and Integrity. This year will decide what success has attended the attempt. For as five is the number of *Light*, it will reveal all, and by its power as *Justice* and *Nemesis* it will appropriately measure out the compensation, since its position in the center between 1 and 9 makes of it the middle of the balance, for although the series of 9 is not completed, yet when 5 is reached the future is potentially present up to 9. We can rely then only on the Law and not upon the favor of any one;—this we do with cheerfulness.

The year just closed has been a pleasant one, revealing new earnest hearts and willing hands. Let us press forward with new energy in the work of the next four years, for when the second fifth is reached an important era for theosophists and the world will be at hand, when the result of again being weighed in the balance of events will be more serious than it is now.

> "Point out the 'Way'—however dimly and lost among the host—as does the evening star to those who tread their Path in darkness."

---

* This article was first printed by William Q. Judge in *The Path* for April, 1890.

THE BHAGAVAD-GITA

CHAPTER XV.

DEVOTION THROUGH KNOWLEDGE OF THE SUPREME SPIRIT.

BY A STUDENT OF W. Q. J.

"MEN say that the *Ashwattha*, the eternal sacred tree, grows with its roots above and its branches below, and the leaves of which are the *Vedas;* he who knows this knows the *Vedas.*"

In these words Krishna presents a symbol used by men to indicate the universe as an eternal evolutionary stream, proceeding from a changeless Source. This Source, though changeless Itself, produces change in ever-increasing differentiations throughout the great period of manifestation. When the limit of differentiation is reached, the same impulse gradually indraws all differentiations toward homogeneity. This evolutionary process is graphically symbolized in the Secret Doctrine as the Great Breath, with its periodical outbreathing and inbreathing. Neither the "outbreathing" nor the "inbreathing", nor both together, describe or constitute the Great Breath, for these are actions by That which has the power to so act. As Krishna states it in this chapter, "It is the Primeval Spirit from which floweth the never-ending stream of conditioned existence".

"The leaves of which are the Vedas", refers specifically to the sacred scripture of the time; at the same time it should be understood as applicable to sacred scriptures of all times, for these are but formulations by men of portions of the eternal verities; formulations which present in concrete form such spiritual, philosophical and ethical ideals as exist among men at the time of formulation. These formulations are here properly symbolized by "leaves", for they shoot forth from the branches (the three qualities), have their period of manifestation and are replaced by other "leaves".

"Its form is not thus understood by men; it has no beginning, nor can its present constitution be understood, nor has it any end." This sentence may be comprehended better if read in connection with the second paragraph of the chapter: "It is even a portion of myself which, having assumed life in this world of conditioned existence, draweth together the five senses and the mind in order that it may obtain a body and may leave it again." This power to draw together and to disperse is that of the Supreme Spirit; it is the Self, the Real Man, "a portion of myself" in every human form, as well as in all forms. It is not thus understood by men who are bound by Ahankara, the self-identifying tendency of the thirteenth chapter, but it may be realized by "those who are free from pride of

self and whose discrimination is perfected, who have prevailed over the fault of attachment to action, who are constantly employed in devotion to meditation upon the Supreme Spirit, who have renounced desire and are free from the influence of the opposites known as pleasure and pain." Knowledge of the Supreme Spirit comes from identification with It; realization comes from dwelling upon the thing to be realized. The "power to perceive" is the very essence of our being, our perceptions are not that power, they are the exercise of it; our perceptions are the bases of our actions; it is because we identify ourselves with our perceptions that we are deluded and bound by the actions that flow from them.

"There are two kinds of beings in the world, the one divisible, the other indivisible; the divisible is all things and the creatures"—that is, all forms and objects of every kind, since every form and object is composed of minor forms or expressions of life or consciousness. Our bodies, for instance, are composed of mineral, vegetable and animal lives and substance; these are borrowed from the three kingdoms below us and are returned to them; hence the term "divisible". "The indivisible is called *Kutastha,* or he who standeth on high unaffected". In every composite form—and all forms are that—there is a synthetic consciousness which has evolved and sustains that form; that synthetic power is unaffected by any changes in the form. In Man *Kutastha* would seem to indicate the Divine Ego, whose divinity and spiritual nature remain as such through all forms and changes.

"But there is another spirit designated as the Supreme Spirit—Paramatma—which permeates and sustains the three worlds. As I am above the divisible and superior to the indivisible, therefore both in the world and in the *Vedas* am I known as the Supreme Spirit. He who being not deluded knoweth me thus as the Supreme Spirit, knoweth all things and worships me under every form and condition."

Devotion through Knowledge of the Supreme Spirit begins with a recognition that there is but one Spirit, the source and sustainer of everything that exists. As the Upanishads say "the Self shines in all, but in all it does not shine forth". The Self is in all things, and all things are in the Self. Whatever there may be of "shining" through any form or under any condition, that "shining" is from and of the Self. If this is recognized and admitted, we must begin to regard all things and beings in that light and act towards them upon that basis; in this way we act for and as the Self, and as we hold to and follow that practice, all ideas, habits and desires that conflict become overcome little by little, until at last we have the supreme power for good that comes with selflessness.

A PARADOXICAL WORLD*

"Open your ears . . . when loud rumour speaks!
I, from the Orient to the drooping West,
Making the wind my post horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce;
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I . . ."

—SHAKESPEARE.

"Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile;
And cry content, to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions . . ."

—IBID.

WE live in an age of prejudice, dissimulation and paradox, wherein, like dry leaves caught in a whirlpool some of us are tossed helpless, hither and thither, ever struggling between our honest convictions and fear of that cruellest of tyrants—PUBLIC OPINION. Yea, we move on in life as in a Maelström formed of two conflicting currents, one rushing onward, the other repelling us downward; one making us cling desperately to what we believe to be right and true, and that we would fain carry out on the surface; the other knocking us off our feet, overpowering, and finally drowning us under the fierce, despotic wave of social propriety and that idiotic, arbitrary and ever wool-gathering public opinion, based on slander and idle rumour. No person need in our modern day be honest, sincere, and righteous in order to curry favour or receive recognition as a man of worth. He need only be a successful hypocrite, or have become for no mortal reason he himself knows of—popular. In our age, in the words of Mrs. Montague, "while every vice is hid by hypocrisy, every virtue is suspected to be hypocrisy . . . and the suspicion is looked upon as wisdom." Thus, no one seeming to know what to believe, and what to reject, the best means of becoming a paragon of every virtue on blind faith, is—to acquire, *popularity*. But how is popularity to be acquired? Very easily indeed. Howl with the wolves. Pay homage to the favourite vices of the day, and reverence to mediocrities in public favour. Shut your eyes tight before any truth, *if* unpalatable to the chief leaders of the social herd, and sit with them upon the dissenting minority. Bow low before vulgarity in power; and bray loud applause to the rising donkey who kicks a dying lion, now a fallen idol. Respect public prejudice and pander

*This article was first printed by H. P. Blavatsky in *Lucifer* for February, 1889.

to its cant and hobbies, and soon you will yourself become popular. Behold, now is your time. No matter if you be a plunderer and murderer combined: you will be glorified all the same, furnished with an aureole of virtues, and allowed even a broader margin for impunity than contained in the truism of that Turkish proverb, which states that "a thief not found out is honester than a Bey." But now let a Socrates and Epictetus rolled into one suddenly become *unpopular*. That which will alone remain of him in the hazy mind of Dame Rumour is a pug nose and the body of a slave lacerated by the plying whip of his Master. The twin sisters, Public Opinion and Mrs. Grundy, will soon forget their classics. Their female aspect, siding with Xantippe, will charitably endeavour to unearth various good reasons for her outbreaks of passion in the shape of slops poured over the poor bald head; and will search as diligently for some hitherto unknown secret vices in the Greek Sage. Their male aspect will see but a lashed body before its mental eye, and will soon end by joining the harmonious concert of Society slander directed against the ghosts of the two philosophers. *Result:* Socrates-Epictetus will emerge out of the ordeal as black as pitch, a dangerous object for any finger to approach. Henceforth, and for æons to come, the said object will have become *unpopular*.

The same, in art, in politics, and even literature. "A damnèd saint, an honourable villain," are in the present social order of things. Truth and fact have become unpalatable, and are ostracised; he who ventures to defend an unpopular character or an unpopular subject, risks to become himself *anathema maranatha*. The ways of Society have contaminated all those who approach the threshold of civilized communities; and if we take the word and severe verdict of Lavater for it, there is no room in the world for one who is not prepared to become a full-blown hypocrite. For, "He who by kindness and smooth attention can insinuate a hearty welcome to an unwelcome guest, is a hypocrite superior to a thousand plain-dealers," writes the eminent physiognomist. This would seem to settle the line of demarcation and to preclude Society, for ever, from becoming a "Palace of Truth."

Owing to this, the world is perishing from spiritual starvation. Thousands and millions have turned their faces away from anthropomorphic ritualism. They believe no longer in a *personal* governor and Ruler; yet this prevents them in no wise from attending every Sunday "divine service," and professing during the week adherence to their respective Churches. Other millions have plunged headlong into Spiritualism, Christian and mental science or kindred mystic occupations; yet how few will confess their true opinions before a gathering of unbelievers! Most of the cultured men and women—save rabid materialists—are dying with the desire to fathom the mysteries of nature and even—whether they be true or

imaginary—the mysteries of the magicians of old. Even our Weeklies and Dailies confess to the past existence of a knowledge which has now become a closed book save for the very few. Which of them, however, is brave enough to speak civilly of the unpopular phenomena called "spiritualistic," or dispassionately about Theosophy, or even to abstain from mocking remarks and insulting epithets? They will talk with every outward reverence of Elijah's chariot of fire, of the board and bed found by Jonah within the whale; and open their columns for large subscriptions to fit out scientifico-religious expeditions, for the purpose of fishing out from the Red Sea the drowned Pharaoh's golden tooth-pick, or in the Desert, a fragment of the broken tables of stone. But they would not touch with a pair of tongs any fact—no matter how well proven—if vouchsafed to them by the most reliable man living who is connected with Theosophy or Spiritualism. Why? Because Elijah flying away to heaven in his chariot is a Biblical orthodox *miracle,* hence *popular* and a relevant subject; while a medium levitated to the ceiling is an unpopular *fact;* not even a miracle, but simply a phenomenon due to intermagnetic and psycho-physiological and even physical causes. On one hand gigantic pretensions to civilization and science, professions of holding but to what is demonstrated on strictly inductive methods of observation and experiment; a blind trust in physical science—that science which pooh-poohs and throws slurs on metaphysics, and is yet honeycombed with "working hypotheses" all based upon speculations far beyond the region of sense, and often even of speculative thought itself: on the other hand, just as servile and apparently as blind an acceptation of that which orthodox science rejects with great scorn, namely, Pharaoh's tooth-pick, Elijah's chariot and the ichthyographic explorations of Jonah. No thought of the unfitness of things, of the absurdity, ever strikes any editor of a daily paper. He will place unhesitatingly, and side by side, the newest ape-theory of a materialistic F. R. S., and the latest discourse upon the quality of the apple which caused the fall of Adam. And he will add flattering editorial comments upon both lectures, as having an equal right to his respectful attention. Because, both are popular in their respective spheres.

Yet, are all editors natural-born sceptics, and do not many of them show a decided leaning towards the Mysteries of the archaic Past, that which is the chief study of the Theosophical Society? The "Secrets of the Pyramids," the "rites of Isis" and "the dread traditions of the temple of Vulcan with their theories for transcendental speculation" seem to have a decided attraction for the *Evening Standard.* Speaking some time since on the "Egyptian Mysteries" it said:

> We know little even now of the beginnings of the ancient religions of Thebes and Memphis. . . . All these idolatrous mysteries, it should also

be remembered, were always kept profoundly secret; for the hieroglyphic writings were understood only by the initiated through all these ages. Plato, it is true, came to study from the Egyptian priests; Herodotus visited the Pyramids; Pausanias and Strabo admired the characters which were sculptured so large upon their outer casing that he who ran could read them; but not one of these took the trouble to learn their meaning. They were one and all content to give currency, if not credence, to the marvellous tales which the Egyptian priests and people recounted and invented for the benefit of strangers.

Herodotus and Plato, who were both Initiates into the Egyptian mysteries, accused of believing in and giving currency to marvellous tales invented by the Egyptian priests, is a novel accusation. Herodotus and Plato refusing "to take the trouble" of learning the meaning of the hieroglyphs, is another. Of course if both "gave currency" to tales, which neither an orthodox Christian, nor an orthodox Materialist and Scientist will endorse, how can an editor of a Daily accept them as true? Nevertheless the information given and the remarks indulged in, are wonderfully broad and in the main free from the usual prejudice. We transcribe a few paragraphs, to let the reader judge.

It is an immemorial tradition that the pyramid of Cheops communicated by subterranean passages with the great Temple of Isis. The hints of the ancient writers as to the subterranean world which was actually excavated for the mysteries of Egyptian superstition, curiously agree. . . . Like the source of the Nile itself, there is hardly any line of inquiry in Egyptian lore which does not end in mystery. The whole country seems to share with the Sphinx an air of inscrutable silence. Some of its secrets, the researches of Wilkinson, Rawlinson, Brugsch, and Petrie have more or less fully revealed to us; but we shall never know much which lies concealed behind the veil of time.* We can hardly hope even to realise the glories of Thebes in its prime, when it spread over a circuit of thirty miles, with the noble river flowing through it, and each quarter filled with palaces and temples. And the tyranny of the Ethiopian priests, at whose command kings laid down and died, will always remain one of the strangest enigmas in the whole problem of primitive priestcraft.[1]

It was a tradition of the ancient world that the secret of immortality was to be found in Egypt, and that there, amongst the dark secrets of the antediluvian world which remained undeciphered, was the "Elixir of Life." Deep, it was said, under the Pyramids had for ages lain concealed the Table of Emerald, on which, as the legend ran, Hermes had engraved before the Flood, the secret of alchemy; and their weird associations justified the belief that still mightier wonders here remained hid. In the City of the Dead to the north of Memphis, for instance, pyramid after pyramid rose for centuries towering above each other; and in the interior passages and chambers of the rock-cut tombs were pictured the mystic wisdom of the Egyptians in quaint symbols. . . . A vast subterranean world, according to tradition, extended from the Catacombs of Alexandria to Thebes' Valley of Kings, and this is surrounded with a whole wealth of marvellous story. These, perhaps, culminate in the ceremony of initiation into the religious mysteries of the Pyramids. The identity of the legend has been curiously preserved through all ages, for it is only in minor details that the versions differ. The ceremonies were undoubtedly very terrible. The candidates were subjected to ordeals so

*The more so since the literature of theosophy, which is alone able to throw light on those mysteries, is boycotted, and being "Unpopular" can never hope to be appreciated.

[1] Because these priests were real Initiates having occult powers, while the "Kings" mentioned *died* but for the world. They were the "dead in life." The writer seems ignorant of the metaphorical ways of expression.

frightful that many of them succumbed, and those who survived, not only shared the honours of the priesthood, but were looked upon as having risen from the dead. It was commonly believed, we are told, that they had descended into Hell itself. . . . They were, moreover, given draughts of the cups of Isis and Osiris, the waters of life and death, and clothed in the sacred robes of pure white linen, and on their heads the mystic symbol of initiation—the golden grasshopper. Instructed in the esoteric doctrines of the sacred college of Memphis, it was only the candidates and priests who knew those galleries and shrines that extended under the site upon which the city stood and formed a subterranean counterpart to its mighty temples, and those lower crypts in which were preserved the "seven tables of stone," *on which was written all the "knowledge of the antediluvian race, decrees of the stars from the beginning of time, the annals of a still earlier world, and all the marvellous secrets both of heaven and earth."** And here, too, according to mythological tradition, were the Isiac serpents which possessed mystic meanings at which we can now only vainly guess. When the monuments are silent, certainty is impossible in Egyptology; and in thirty centuries vestiges have been ruthlessly swept away which can never be replaced.

Does not this read like a page from "Isis Unveiled," or one of our theosophical writings—minus their explanations? But why speak of thirty centuries, when the Egyptian Zodiac on the ceiling of the Dendera temple shows three tropical years, or 75,000 solar years? But listen further:—

We can, in a sense, understand the awful grandeur of the Theban necropolis, and of the sepulchral chambers of Beni Hassan. . . . The cost and toil devoted to the "everlasting palaces" of departed monarchs; the wonders of the pyramids themselves, as of the other royal tombs; the decoration of their walls; the embalmed bodies all point to the conclusion that this huge subterranean world was made a complete ante-type of the real world above. *But whether or no it was a verity in this primitive cult that there was an actual renovation of life at the end of some vast cycle is lost in learned conjecture.*

"Learned conjecture" does not go far nowadays, being of a preeminently materialistic character, and limited somehow to the sun. But if the unpopularity of the Theosophical Society prevents the statements of its members from being heard; if we ignore "Isis Unveiled" and the "Secret Doctrine," the *Theosophist,* etc., full of facts, most of which are as well authenticated by references to classical writers and the contemporaries of the MYSTERIES in Egypt and Greece, as any statement made by modern Egyptologists—why should not the writer on the "Egyptian Mysteries" turn to Origen and even to the Æneid for a positive answer to this particular question? This dogma of the return of the Soul or the *Ego* after a period of 1,000 or 1,500 years into a new body (a theosophical teaching now) was professed as a religious truth from the highest antiquity. Voltaire wrote on the subject of these thousand years of *post mortem* duration as follows:—

This opinion about resurrection (*rather "reincarnation"*) after ten centuries, passed to the Greeks, the disciples of the Egyptians, and to the Romans *(their Initiates only),* disciples of the Greeks. One finds it in the VIth

*Much of which knowledge and the mysteries of the same "earlier races" have been explained in the "Secret Doctrine," a work, however, untouched by the English dailies as unorthodox and unscientific—a jumble, truly.

Book of the Æneid, which is but a description of the mysteries of Isis and of Ceres Eleusina;

> *"Has omnis ubi mille rotam volvere per annos,*
> *Lethæum ad fluvium deus evocat agmine magno;*
> *Scilicet immemores, supera ut convexa revisant."*

This "opinion" passed from the Pagan Greeks and Romans to Christians, even in our century, though disfigured by sectarianism; for it is the origin of the *millennium*. No pagan, even of the lower classes, believed that the Soul would return into its *old* body: cultured Christians *do*, since the day of the Resurrection of all flesh is a universal dogma, and since the Millenarians wait for the second advent of Christ on earth when he will reign for a *thousand* years.

All such articles as the above quoted are the paradoxes of the age, and show ingrained prejudices and preconceptions. Neither the very conservative and orthodox editor of the *Standard*, nor yet the very radical and infidel editors of many a London paper, will give fair or even dispassionate hearing to any Theosophical writer. "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" the Pharisees and Sadducees of old are credited with asking. "Can anything but *twaddle* come from Theosophical quarters?" repeat the modern followers of *cant* and materialism.

Of course not. We are so very *unpopular!* Besides which, theosophists who have written the most upon those subjects at which, in the words of the *Evening Standard*, "we can now only vainly guess" are regarded by Mrs. Grundy's herds as the black sheep of Christian cultured centres. Having had access to Eastern secret works, hitherto concealed from the world of the profane, the said theosophists had means of studying and of ascertaining the value and real meaning of the "marvellous secrets both of heaven and earth," and thus of disinterring many of the vestiges now seemingly lost to the world of students. But what matters that? How can one so little in odour of sanctity with the majorities, a living embodiment of every vice and sin, according to most charitable souls, be credited with knowing anything? Nor does the possibility of such charges being merely the fruit of malice and slander, and therefore entitled to lie *sub judice*, nor simple logic, ever trouble their dreams or have any voice in the question. Oh no! But has the idea ever crossed their minds that on that principle the works of him who was proclaimed:—

> "The greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind"

ought also to become unpopular, and Baconian philosophy be at once shunned and boycotted? In our paradoxical age, as we now learn, the worth of a literary production has to be judged, not on its own intrinsic merits, but according to the private character, the shape of the nose, and the popularity or unpopularity of the writer thereof. Let us give an example, by quoting a favourite remark made by

some bitter opponent of "The Secret Doctrine." It is the reply given the other day to a theosophist who urged a would-be Scientist and supposed Assyriologist to read the said work. "Well," he said, "I grant you there may be in it a few facts valuable to students of antiquity and to scientific speculation. But *who can have the patience to read 1,500 pages of dreary metaphysical twaddle* for the sake of discovering in it a few facts, however valuable?"

O imitatores servum pecus! And yet how joyfully you would set to work, sparing neither time, labour nor money, to extract two or three ounces of gold from tons of quartz and useless alluvial soil. . . .

Thus, we find the civilized world and its humanities ever unfair, ever enforcing one law for the wealthy and the mighty, and another law for the poor and the uninfluential. Society, politics, commerce, literature, art and sciences, religion and ethics, all are full of paradoxes, contradictions, injustice, selfishness and unreliability. Might has become right, elsewhere than in colonies and for the detriment of "black men." Wealth leads to impunity, poverty to condemnation even by the law, for the impecunious having no means of paying lawyers are debarred from their natural right to appeal to the courts for redress. Hint, even privately, that a person, notorious for having acquired his wealth by plunder and oppression, or unfair play on the Stock Exchange, is a thief, and the law to which he will appeal will ruin you with damages and court expenses and imprison you into the bargain for libel, for "the greater the truth, the greater the libel." But let that wealthy thief slander your character publicly, accuse you falsely of breaking all the ten commandments, and if you are in the slightest degree unpopular, an infidel, or too radical in your views, no matter how honourable and honest you may be, yet you will have to swallow the defamation, and let it get root in the minds of people; or, go to law and risk many hundreds or even thousands out of your pocket and get—*one farthing damages!* What chance has an "infidel" in the sight of a bigoted, ignorant jury? Behold those rich speculators who arrange bogus quotations on the Stock Exchange for shares which they wish to foist upon an innocent public that makes for everything whose price is rising. And look at that poor clerk, whose passion for gambling—which the example of those same wealthy capitalists has fired—if caught in some small embezzlement, the righteous indignation of the rich capitalists knows no bounds. They ostracise even one of their own *confrères* because he has been so indiscreet as to be found out in dealings with the unhappy wretch! Again, what country boasts more of Christian charity, and its code of honour, than old England? Yea, you have soldiers and champions of freedom, and they take out the deadly machine-guns of your latest purveyor of death and blow to fragments a stockade in Solymah, with its defending mob of half-armed savages, or poor "niggers," because you *hear* that they *perchance* may molest your camps. Yet it is to that

self-same continent you send your almighty fleets, into which you pour your soldiers, putting on the hypocritical mask of saving from slavery these very black men whom you have just blown into the air! What country, the world over, has so many philanthropic societies, charitable institutions, and generous donors as England has? And where, on the face of the earth, is the city which contains more misery, vice and starvation, than London—the queen of wealthy metropoles. Hideous poverty, filth and rags glare from behind every corner, and Carlyle was right in saying that the Poor Law was an anodyne—not a remedy. "Blessed are the poor," said your Man-God. "Avaunt the ragged, starving beggar from our West End streets!" you shout, helped by your Police Force; and yet you call yourselves His "humble" followers. It is the indifference and contempt of the higher for the *lower* classes which has generated and bred in the latter that virus which has now grown in them into self-contempt, brutal indifference and cynicism, thus transforming a human species into the wild and soulless animals which fill the Whitechapel dens. Mighty are thy powers, most evidently, O Christian civilization!

But has not our Theosophical "Fraternity" escaped the infection of this paradoxical age? Alas, no. How often the cry against the "entrance fee" was heard among the wealthiest Theosophists. Many of these were Freemasons, who belonged to both institutions —their Lodges and Theosophy. They had paid fees upon entering the former, surpassing ten times the modest £1, paid for their diploma on becoming Theosophists. They had to pay as "Widow's Sons," a large price for every paltry jewel conferred upon them as a distinction, and had always to keep their hands in their pockets ready to spend large sums for paraphernalia, gorgeous banquets with rich viands and costly wines. This diminished in no way their reverence for Freemasonry. But that which is good for the masonic goose is not fit sauce for the theosophical gander. How often was the hapless President Founder of our Society, Col. H. S. Olcott, taunted with *selling theosophy* for £1 per head! He, who worked and toiled from January 1st to December 31st for ten years under the broiling sun of India, and managed out of that wretched pound of the entrance fee and a few donations to keep up the Headquarters, to establish free schools and finally to build and open a library at Adyar of rare Sanskrit works—how often was he condemned, criticised, misjudged, and his best motives misinterpreted. Well, our critics must now be satisfied. Not only the payment of the entrance fee but even that of two shillings yearly, expected from our Fellows to help in paying the expenses of the anniversary meetings, at the Headquarters at Madras (this large sum of two shillings, by-the-bye, having never been sent in but by a very limited number of theosophists), all this is now abolished. On December 27th last "the Rules were completely recast, the entrance fee and

annual dues were abolished," writes a theosophist-stoic from Adyar. "We are on a purely voluntary contribution footing. Now if our members don't give, we *starve and shut up*—that's all."

A brave and praiseworthy reform but rather a dangerous experiment. The "B. Lodge of the T. S." in London never had an entrance fee from its beginning, eighteen months ago; and the results are that the whole burden of its expenses has fallen upon half a dozen of devoted and determined Theosophists. This last Anniversary Financial Report, at Adyar, has moreover brought to light some curious facts and paradoxical incongruities in the bosom of the Theosophical Society at large. For years our Christian and kind friends, the Anglo-Indian missionaries, had set on foot and kept rolling the fantastic legend about the personal greediness and venality of the "Founders." The disproportionately large number of members, who, on account of their poverty had been exonerated from any entrance fees, was ignored, and never taken into account. Our devotion to the cause, it was urged, was a *sham;* we were wolves in sheep's clothing; bent on making money by psychologizing and deceiving those "poor benighted heathen" and the *"credulous* infidels" of Europe and America; figures are there, it was added; and the 100,000 theosophists (with which we were credited) represented £100,000, etc., etc.

Well, the day of reckoning has come, and as it is printed in the General Report of the Theosophist we may just mention it as a paradox in the region of theosophy. The Financial Report includes a summary of all our receipts *from donations and Initiation fees, since the beginning of our arrival in India, i. e.,* February, 1879, or *just ten years.* The total is 89,140 rupees, or about £6,600. Of the Rs 54,000 of donations, what are the large sums received by the Theosophical (Parent) Society in the respective countries? Here they are:

In India	Rupees	40,000
In Europe	"	7,000
In America	"	700!!
	Total 47,700 rupees or £3,600	

Vide infra "Theosophical Activities": "The President Founder's Address."

The two "greedy Founders" having given out of their own pockets during these years almost as much, in the result there remain two impecunious beggars, practically two *pauper*-Theosophists. But we are all proud of our poverty and do not regret either our labour or any sacrifices made to further the noble cause we have pledged ourselves to serve. The figures are simply published as one more proof in our defence and a superb evidence of the Paradoxes to be entered to the credit of our traducers and slanderers.

FROM THE BOOK OF IMAGES

THIS was the eldest son who went to his father and said, "My younger brother is wiser than I. He was born with a contented mind, and his thoughts have remained always in order. Let him be in my stead. He will conserve all things and do justice."

"What is it that you wish to do?" asked the father.

"I desire another wisdom and I cannot find it here."

"What is this wisdom which you seek, and where can it be found?"

"I do not know what it is, nor where it can be had. But it must exist, otherwise how could I have any hunger for it, and if it cannot be found, how could the hunger persist?"

The old Brahman spoke.

"Many have felt as you feel, my son; Kings' sons and others; but always it arises in those who have too much or too little. It is not good. Make an offering, perform sacrifice, and seek communion with the gods. Siva is terrible. Vishnu is great. Brahma is all-powerful. Make search for Brahma. He is here as well as there. He is not found by journeying."

Kavala answered, "Make audience, then, for me with Brahma, that I may ask this wisdom." But the old priest shook his head. "Not even a Brahman can do that. Each must find Brahma for himself. All the books say that."

Kavala asked again, "But this wisdom that the books tell of, from whence does it come? The dried figs give food, but they do not produce fig-trees. Their seeds will not germinate. All that I have learned from the books is but a dried fruit. Where is the tree?"

"Be content that the tree must exist," said the King, "for you have eaten of its fruit. By learning you may instruct others in the things that have been, and govern wisely in the things that are. A King's son must rule in his kingdom."

"What is my kingdom," said Kavala, "if I gain not this wisdom?"

So, after many days and much leave-taking, Kavala went his unknown way. At first he was tempted to repent, for at the time of parting the things of his life that had seemed of small account and unable to satisfy his emptiness, took on hues of great value, and his thirst for the unknown wisdom might well be but a strange fever, and the wisdom itself no more than a mirage in the mind of a sick traveler.

Wherever he went, he found all men contented with the dried fruit of their ancient wisdom, now become learning so great that everywhere there were temples in which priests dwelt who did naught but repeat to the hungry from the books they studied. Yet

nowhere could he find where wisdom grew afresh as once it grew in days of old.

When Kavala was come to forty years, half his life had been passed in this wandering and he was no wiser than before he had forsaken his possessions for this rudderless quest.

Each year, on the day of his departure, he had been accustomed to walk far and go to pass the night alone in the forest, to meditate upon his journey's object, and to scan his long wanderings. Always, it might be, he had been near to wisdom, or to the place where wisdom might be had, and perchance have been diverted in his thoughts for a moment, so that had wisdom's voice been there, he had not heard. Each year, however, though his long path appeared before him, clear in all its details like a vision by lightning, he had been able to assure himself that at no single moment had he forsaken his object, but always his invisible goal had kept his mind's eye sealed to its reckoning.

Once, as the end of his seventh year drew nigh, he had felt a great sadness and longing and a sense of failure so keen that he thought he heard laughter—the bitter laughter of mockery, but he knew it was only the creak of his aching body, and he knew that wisdom was not to be found in any appeal of the senses, whether in the joys and softness of a king's son, or the weary bones of a wanderer. A meteor had flashed across the heavens through the tree-tops, like the waving of a signal torch. But when he looked —for who knew whence wisdom might descend?—only the darkness touched him with familiar kindness, so that it might have been but a light in the head. Nevertheless, he had felt an accession of faith and of hope like a drink to the soul from some spring not of earth.

Again, on the night of his fourteenth year, he had thought to drop the ragged mantle of his body, now worn and frayed in the fruitless struggle. A storm raged in the forest, and the rain drenched his chilled members and hid itself ceaselessly in the drinking earth. Almost he yielded to the thought that wisdom cannot be had upon this earth, which drinks and is ever parched. It would seem that only those who die can hope to find wisdom, since all the wisdom that is spoken of in the books has come down from those long since dead. Suddenly a star shone, vivid and bewildering. Not white, not red, but a great golden softness, as if the immense darkness were but a rent curtain on the other side of which lay shadowless light. But when Kavala rubbed his eyes to see, the star was no more there, and he could not say that it might but be the will-o-the-wisp of some dreaming flecked from his great lassitude and weakness. Nevertheless, a forgetfulness of his pains and disappointments came upon him, and his long journey seemed reasonable and sure to come upon its wished-for issue.

Now on this twenty-first ending of his years of fruitlessness, there stood sudden and sharp before his consciousness, defined with unrelenting vigor, two pictures, one on either side of that emptiness like the hollow center of a flame, which was his goal. There stood,

like a beautiful torch, himself, eldest son of the king, fair youth in the midst of all the tenure that men covet, and this youth gazing with flaming yet wistful eye straight into the heart of the flame. On the other side of the unpierced blackness of the fire's midst, the bent, wan, blackened torch of what had once been a man, and this he knew, as his steps carried him slowly forward, to be none other than himself. Kavala, though he saw both figures, nevertheless kept his gaze steadfast on the dark emptiness which was the center of the flame. "It is the fuel of the flame," he said, not knowing that he spoke, but a peace entered him as the pictures vanished—a peace that he had never known.

In the margin of the forest Kavala met a Bhikshu at the crossing of three paths.

The mendicant spoke.

"What do you seek in the jungle, King's son?"

"I seek wisdom," replied Kavala.

"No King's son can ever find wisdom," said the Bhikshu in a voice which fell hollow and dry, like peas in a beggar's bowl.

"I gave up my estate to go in search of wisdom," said Kavala in the tone of respect which is used toward a holy man.

"Then why did you answer when I said, 'What do you seek in the jungle, King's son?' If you had given up your estate you would not have known that I spoke to none other than you."

Kavala bent forward respectfully and took the mendicant's bowl in his two hands.

"Let thy chela go forth and beg food for thee," he said, "for I have found thee, O my Master."

H. P. B. AND W. Q. J.

The Brave and Noble, is my name for her
Who sacrificed herself and suffered so,
And ever as the Patient One I know
The quiet heart whose gentle teachings were
A Path of light no less than Lucifer.
    For they unveiled again the ancient sun
    Of spiritual knowledge, as is done
From age to age by each new Messenger;
She showed the truth, and he made plain the way
    For those that search through darkness for the light
Or seek to be world-servers such as they
    With power to signal others through the night
    And point anew to our uncertain sight
The small old path that stretches far away.

M——. S——. S——.

Port Said, Egypt, April 20th, 1912.

THE DENIALS AND THE MISTAKES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY*

AT or near the beginning of the present century all the books called Hermetic were loudly proclaimed and set down as simply a *collection of tales, of fraudulent pretences* and *most absurd claims,* being, in the opinion of the average man of science, unworthy of serious attention. They "never existed before the Christian era," it was said; "they were all written with the triple object of speculation, deceit and pious fraud"; they were all, the best of them, silly *apocrypha.* In this respect, the nineteenth century proved a most worthy progeny of the eighteenth. For in the age of Voltaire, as well as in this, everything that did not emanate direct from the Royal Academy was false, superstitious and foolish, and belief in the wisdom of the Ancients was laughed to scorn, perhaps more even than it is now. The very thought of accepting as authentic the works and vagaries of a *false* Hermes, a *false* Orpheus, a *false* Zoroaster, of *false* Oracles, *false* Sibyls, and a thrice *false* Mesmer and his absurd "fluids," was tabooed all along the line. Thus all that had its genesis outside the learned and dogmatic precincts of Oxford and Cambridge,[1] or the Academy of France, was denounced in those days as "unscientific" and "ridiculously absurd." This tendency has survived to the present day.

One feels dwarfed and humbled in reading what the great modern "Destroyer" of every religious belief, past, present and future—Mr. Renan—has to say of poor humanity and its powers of discernment. "Mankind," he believes, "has but a very narrow mind; and the number of men capable of seizing acutely *(finement)* the true analogy of things is quite imperceptible" *(Etudes Religieuses).* Upon comparing, however, this statement with another opinion expressed by the same author, namely, that "the mind of the true critic should yield, hands and feet bound, to facts, to be dragged by them wherever they may lead him" *(Etudes Historiques),*[2] one feels relieved. When, moreover, these two philosophical statements are strengthened by that third enunciation of the famous Academician, who declares that "tout parti pris *à priori*

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* This article by H. P. Blavatsky was first printed in *Lucifer* for June 15th, 1892.

[1] We think we see the sidereal phantom of the old philosopher and mystic, Henry More, once of Cambridge University, moving about in the astral mist, over the old moss-covered roofs of the ancient town from which he wrote his famous letter to Glanvil about "witches." The soul seems restless and indignant, as on that day, May the 5th, 1678, when the Doctor complained so bitterly to the author of *Sadducismus Triumphatus* of Scot, Adie and Webster. "Our new inspired saints," the soul is heard to mutter, "sworn advocates of the witches, who . . . against all sense and reason . . . will have even no Samuel in the scene but a confederate knave . . . these inblown buffoons, puffed up with . . . ignorance, vanity and stupid infidelity." (See *Letters to Glanvil,* quoted in *Isis Unveiled,* p. 206).

[2] *Memoire* read at the Académie des Inscriptions et des Belles Lettres, 1859.

doit être banni de la science," there remains little to fear. Unfortunately Mr. Renan is the first to break the golden rule.

The evidence of Herodotus, called, sarcastically no doubt, "the father of history," since in every question upon which modern thought disagrees with him his testimony goes for nought; the sober and earnest assurances in the philosophical narratives of Plato and Thucydides, Polybius and Plutarch, and even certain statements of Aristotle himself; all these are invariably laid aside whenever they are involved with what modern criticism is pleased to regard as a *myth*. It is some time since Strauss proclaimed that "the presence of a supernatural element or miracle in a narrative is *an infallible sign of the presence in it of a myth,*" and such is the criterium adopted tacitly by every modern critic. But what is a myth— μῦθος —to begin with? Are we not told distinctly by the ancient classics that *mythus* is equivalent to the word *tradition?* Was not its Latin equivalent the term *fabula,* a fable, a synonym with the Romans of that which was *told*, as having happened in prehistoric time, and not necessarily an invention? Yet with such autocrats of criticism and despotic rulers as Mr. Renan in France, and most of the English and German Orientalists, there may be no end of surprises in store for us in the century to come—historical, geographical, ethnological and philological surprises—travesties in philosophy having become so common of late that we can be startled by nothing in that direction. We have already been told by one learned speculator that Homer was simply a mythical personification of the Epopee,[1] by another that Hippocrates, son of Esculapius *"could only be a chimera,"* that the Asclepiadæ—their seven hundred years of duration notwithstanding—might after all prove simply *a fiction;* that the city of Troy—Dr. Schliemann notwithstanding—"existed *only* on the maps," etc., etc. Why should we not be invited after this to regard every hitherto historical character in days of old as a myth? Were not Alexander the Great needed by philology as a sledge-hammer to break the heads of Brâhmanical chronological pretensions, he would have become long ago simply a symbol for annexation, or a genius of Conquest, as De Mirville neatly put it.

Blank denial is the only means left, the most secure refuge and asylum, to shelter for some little time to come the last of the sceptics. When one denies unconditionally it becomes unnecessary to go to the trouble of arguing, and, what is worse, of having to yield occasionally a point or two before the irrefutable arguments and facts of one's opponent. Creuzer, greatest of the symbologists of his time, the most learned among the masses of erudite German mythologists, must have envied the placid self-confidence of certain sceptics, when he found himself forced in a moment of desperate perplexity to admit, "Decidedly and first of all we are compelled to return to the theories of trolls and genii, as they were under-

[1] See Alfred Maury's *Grece,* Vol. I, p. 248, and the speculations of Holymann.

stood by the ancients, a doctrine without which it is absolutely impossible to explain to oneself anything with regard to the mysteries."[1]

Occultism, all over the globe, is intimately connected with Chaldean Wisdom, and its records show the forefathers of the Aryan Brâhmans in the sacred offices of the Chaldees—an Adept caste (different from the Babylonian Chaldeans and *Caldees*)—at the head of the arts and sciences, of astronomers and seers, confabulating with the "stars," and "receiving instructions from the brilliant sons of Ilu" (the *concealed* deity). Their sanctity of life and great learning—the latter passing to posterity—made the name for long ages a synonym of Science. Yes; they were indeed *mediators* between the people and the appointed messengers of heaven, *whose bodies* shine in the starry heavens, and they were the interpreters of their wills. But is this Astrolatry or Sabeanism? Have they worshipped *the stars we see,* or is it the modern (following in this the mediæval) Roman Catholics, who, guilty of the same worship *to the letter,* and having borrowed it from the later Chaldees, the Lebanon Nabatheans and the baptized Sabeans (not from the learned Astronomers and Initiates of the days of old), would now veil it by anathematizing the source whence it came? Theology and Churchianism would fain trouble the clear spring that fed them from the first, to prevent posterity from looking into it and thus seeing their reflection. The Occultists, however, believe the time has come to give every one his due. As to our other opponents—the modern sceptic and the epicurean, the cynic and the Sadducee—they may find our answer to their denials in our earlier writings (See *Isis Unveiled,* vol. I, p. 535). We say now what we said then, in reply to the many unjust aspersions thrown on the ancient doctrines: "The thought of the present day commentator and critic as to the ancient learning is limited to and runs round the *exotericism* of the temples; his insight is either unwilling or unable to penetrate into the solemn adyta of old, where the hierophant instructed the neophyte to regard the public worship in its true light. No ancient sage would have taught that man is the king of creation, and that the starry heaven and our mother earth were created for his sake."

When we find such works as the *Rivers of Life* and *Phallicism* appearing in our day in print, under the auspices of Materialism, it is easy to see that the day for concealment and travesty has passed away. Science in philology, symbolism, and comparative religions has progressed too far to deny any longer, and the Church is too wise and cautious not to be now making the best of the situation. Meanwhile, the "rhombs of Hecate" and the wheels of Lucifer,"[2] daily exhumed on the site of Babylon, can no longer be used as a clear evidence of Satan-worship, since the

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[1] Creuzer's *Introduction des Mysteres,* Vol. III, p. 456.
[2] De Mirville's *Pneumatologie,* "Religion des Demons."

same symbols are shown in the ritual of the Latin Church. The latter is too learned to be ignorant of the fact that even the later Chaldees, who had gradually fallen into dualism, reducing all things to two primal principles, had no more worshipped Satan or idols than have the Zoroastrians, who are now accused of the same, but that their religion was as highly philosophical as any; their dual and exoteric Theosophy became the heirloom of the Jews, who, in their turn, were forced to share it with the Christians. Parsîs are charged to this day with heliolatry, and yet in the *Chaldean Oracles,* under the "Magical and Philosophical Precepts" of Zoroaster, the following is found:

> Direct not thy mind to the vast measures of the earth;
> For the plant of truth is not upon ground.
> Nor measure the measures of the sun, collecting rules,
> For he is carried by the eternal will of the Father, not for your sake.
> Dismiss the impetuous course of the moon;
> For she runs always by the work of necessity.
> The progression of the stars was not generated for your sake.[1]

There is a vast difference between the *true* worship taught to those who showed themselves worthy, and the state religions. The Magians are accused of all kinds of superstition, but the *Chaldean Oracle* proceeds:

> The wide aërial flight of birds is not true,
> Nor the dissections of the entrails of victims; they are all mere toys,
> If you would open the sacred paradise of piety,
> Where virtue, wisdom, and equity are assembled.

Surely it is not those who warn people against "mercenary fraud" who can be accused of it; as said elsewhere: "If they accomplished acts which seem miraculous, who can with fairness presume to deny that it was done merely because they possessed a knowledge of natural philosophy and psychological science to a degree unknown to our schools." The above-quoted stanzas form a rather strange teaching to come from those who are universally believed to have worshipped the sun, and moon, and the starry host, as Gods. The sublime profundity of the Magian precepts being beyond the reach of modern materialistic thought, the Chaldean philosophers are accused, together with the ignorant masses, of Sabeanism and sun-worship, cults which were simply those of the uneducated masses.

Things of late have changed, true enough; the field of investigation has widened; old religions are a little better understood; and, since that memorable day when the Committee of the French Academy, headed by Benjamin Franklin, investigated Mesmer's phenomena but to proclaim them charlatanry and clever knavery, both "heathen philosophy" and mesmerism have acquired certain rights and privileges, and are now viewed from quite a different standpoint. Is full justice rendered them withal, and are they appreciated any

[1] Psellus, 4. See Cory's *Ancient Fragments,* p. 269, 2nd. Ed.

better? We are afraid not. Human nature is the same now, as when Pope said of the force of prejudice, that:

> The difference is as great between
> The optics seeing, as the objects seen.
> All manners take a tincture from our own,
> Or some discolour'd through our passion shown,
> Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
> Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.

Thus, in the first decades of our century, Hermetic Philosophy was regarded by both Churchmen and men of science from two quite opposite points of view. The former called it sinful and devilish, the latter denied point-blank its authenticity, notwithstanding the evidence brought forward by the most erudite men of every age, including our own. The learned Father Kircher, for one, was not even noticed; and his assertion, that all the fragments known under the title of works by Mercury Trismegistus, Berosus, Pherecydes of Syros, etc., were rolls escaped from the fire that devoured one hundred thousand volumes of the great Alexandrian Library, was simply laughed at. Nevertheless, the educated classes of Europe knew then, as they do now, that the famous Alexandrian Library—"the marvel of the ages"—was founded by Ptolemy Philadelphus; and that most of its MSS. were carefully copied from hieratic texts and the oldest parchments, Chaldean, Phœnician, Persian, etc., these transliterations and copies amounting in their turn to another hundred thousand, as Josephus and Strabo assert.

Moreover, there is the additional evidence of Clemens Alexandrinus, that ought to be credited to some extent,[1] and he testifies to the existence of thirty thousand additional volumes of the Books of Thoth, placed in the library of the tomb of Osymandiasus, over the entrance of which were inscribed the words, "A Cure for the Soul."

Since then, as everyone knows, entire texts out of the "apocryphal" works of the "false" Pymander, and the no less "false" Asclepiades, were found by Champollion inscribed within the most ancient

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[1] The forty-two Sacred Books of the Egyptians, mentioned by Clement of Alexandria, as having existed in his time, were but a portion of the Books of Hermes. Iamblichus, on the authority of the Egyptian priest Abammon, attributes twelve hundred, and Manetho thirty-six thousand, of such Books to Hermes. But the testimony of Iamblichus, as a Neo-Platonist and theurgist, is of course rejected by modern critics. Manetho, who is held by Bunsen in the highest consideration as a "purely historical personage," with whom "none of the later native historians can be compared" (see *Egypte*, i. p. 97), suddenly became a Pseudo-Manetho, as soon as the ideas propounded by him clashed with the scientific prejudices against Magic and the Occult knowledge claimed by the ancient priests. However, none of the archæologists doubt for a moment the almost incredible antiquity of the Hermetic books. Champollion shows the greatest regard for their authenticity and truthfulness, corroborated as they are by many of the oldest monuments. And Bunsen brings irrefutable proofs of their age. From his researches, for instance, we learn that there was a line of sixty-one kings before the days of Moses, who preceded the Mosaic period by a clearly-traceable civilization of several thousand years. Thus we are warranted in believing that the works of Hermes Trismegistus were extant many ages before the birth of the Jewish law-giver. "Styli and inkstands were found on monuments of the Fourth Dynasty, the oldest in the world," says Bunsen. If the eminent Egyptologist rejects the period of 48,863 years before Alexander, to which Diogenes Laërtius carries back the records of the priests, he is evidently more embarrassed with the ten thousand of astronomical observations, and remarks that "if they were actual observations, they must have extended over 10,000 years" (p. 14). "We learn, however," he adds, "from one of their own old chronological works . . . that the genuine Egyptian traditions concerning the mythological period, treated of *myriads* of years" (*Egypte*, i. p. 15).

monuments of Egypt. After having devoted their whole lives to the study of the records of the old Egyptian wisdom, both Champollion-Figeac and Champollion Junior, publicly declared, notwithstanding many biassed judgments, hazarded by certain hasty and unwise critics, that the *Books of Hermes:*

> Truly contain a mass of Egyptian traditions which are constantly corroborated by the most authentic records and monuments of the Egypt of the hoariest antiquity, and are only the faithful copies of what is found in those books.

None will question the merit of Champollion as an Egyptologist, and if he declares that everything demonstrates the accuracy of the writings of the mysterious Hermes Trismegistus, that their antiquity runs back into the night of time, and that they are corroborated in their minutest details, then indeed criticism ought to be fully satisfied. "These inscriptions," says Champollion, "are only the faithful echo and expression of the most ancient verities."[1]

Since this was written by him some of the *apocryphal* verses by the *mythical* Orpheus have also been found copied word for word in certain inscriptions of the Fourth Dynasty in hieroglyphics, addressed to various deities.

Finally, Creuzer discovered and pointed out the numerous passages borrowed from Orphic hymns by Hesiod and Homer; and Christians appealed in their turn, to the testimony of Æschylus, as showing "prescience in at least one of the Sibyls of old," says De Mirville.[2]

Thus gradually the ancient claims came to be vindicated, and modern criticism had to submit to evidence. Many are now the writers who confess that such kind of literature as the Hermetic works of Egypt can never be dated *too far* back into the prehistoric ages. It was also found that the texts of many of those ancient works—*Enoch* included—deemed and so loudly proclaimed apocryphal just at the beginning of this century, are now discovered and recognized in the most secret and sacred sanctuaries of Chaldea, India, Phœnicia, Egypt and Central Asia.

But even such proofs have failed to convince Materialism. The reason for it is very simple and self-evident. Those texts, studied and held in universal veneration at one time, copied and transcribed by every philosopher, and found in every temple; often mastered, whole lives of incessant mental labour having been devoted to them, by the greatest sages living, by statesmen and classic writers, kings and renowned Adepts—what were they? Treatises on *Magic* and *Occultism*, pure and simple; the now tabooed and derided Theosophy and Occult Sciences, laughed to scorn by modern Materialism. Were the people so simple and credulous in the days of Plato and Pythagoras? Were the millions of Babylonia and Egypt, of India and Greece, during the periods of learning and civilization that preceded the year *One* of our era (giving birth but to the intellectual

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[1] *Egypte*, 143.
[2] *Pneumatologie*, vi. Section 2, "Prometheus."

darkness of the fanaticism of the Middle Ages), so simple and credulous that so many, otherwise great, men should have devoted their lives to an illusion, a mere hallucination? It would seem so, had we to be content with the word and conclusions of our modern philosophers.

However, every art and science, whatever its intrinsic merit, must have had a discoverer, and subsequently proficients in it to teach it to others. What is the origin of Occultism? Who are its most renowned professors? and what is known of these, whether in history or legend? We find Clemens Alexandrinus, one of the most learned and intelligent of the early Church Fathers, putting these same questions and answering them. "If," correctly argues that ex-pupil of the Neo-Platonic school and its philosophers, "if there is a science, there must necessarily be a professor of it." And he goes on to say that Cleanthes had Zeno to teach him; Theophrastus, Aristotle; Metrodorus, Epicurus; Plato, Socrates, etc.; and that when he looked further back to Pythagoras, Pherecydes and Thales, he had still to search and enquire who were their master and masters. The same for the Egyptians, the Indians, the Babylonians, and the Magi themselves. He would not cease questioning, he says, in order to learn who it was *they* all had for their masters. And when he should have forcibly brought down the enquiry to the very cradle of mankind, to the birth of the first man, he would reiterate once more his questioning, and ask him (Adam, no doubt) "who had been *his* professor?" Surely, argues Clemens, "his master would turn out no *man* this once," and even when we should have reached as high as the angels, the same query would have to be offered to them: "who were *their* [meaning the *divine* and the *fallen* angels] masters and doctors of Sciences?"[1]

The aim of the good Father's long argument is of course to discover *two* distinct Masters, one the preceptor of Biblical Patriarchs, the other, the teacher of the Gentiles. But the Secret Doctrine need go to no such trouble. *Her* professors are well aware who were the Masters of their predecessors in Occult Sciences and Wisdom.

The two Professors are finally traced out by Clement, and they are, as might be expected, God, and His eternal and everlasting enemy and opponent, the Devil; the subject of Clement's enquiry relating to the dual aspect of the Hermetic Philosophy as cause and effect. Admitting the moral beauty and virtues preached in every Occult work he was acquainted with, Clement wants to know the cause of the apparent contradiction between doctrine and practice, good and bad Magic, and he comes to the conclusion that Magic has two origins—*divine* and *diabolical*. He perceives its bifurcation into two channels; hence his inference and deduction.

We perceive it too, without necessarily designating this bifurcation the "*left* Path"; we judge it as it issued from the hands of

[1] *Strom.*, i. vi.

its founder. Otherwise, judging also by the effects of Clemens' own religion, and the walk in life of certain of its professors since the death of their Master, the Occultists would have a right to come to about the same conclusion, and say that while Christ, the Master of all *true* Christians, was in every way godly, those who resorted to the horrors of the Inquisition, to the extermination and torture of heretics, Jews, and Alchemists, the Protestant Calvin who burned Servetus, and the Catholic and Protestant persecuting successors, down to the whippers and burners of witches in America, must have had for *their* Master the Devil. But Occultists, not believing in the Devil, are precluded from retaliating in this way. Clemens' testimony, however, is valuable in so far as it shows (1) the enormous number of works on Occult Sciences extant in his day; and (2) the extraordinary powers acquired through those sciences by certain men.

He devotes the whole of his sixth volume of the *Stromateis* to this research of the first two "Masters" of the true and the false philosophies respectively, both preserved in the sanctuaries of Egypt. And thereupon he apostrophizes the Greeks, asking why they should not believe in the miracles of Moses when their own philosophers claim the same privileges. "It is Æacus," he says, "obtaining through his powers a marvellous rain; it is Aristæus who causes the winds to blow, Empedocles quieting the gale, and forcing it to cease,"[1] etc., etc.

The books of Mercurius Trismegistus attracted his attention the most. Their extreme wisdom, he remarks, ought always to be in everyone's mouth.[2] He is loud in his praise of Hystaspes (or Gushtasp), and of the Sibylline Books and even of astrology.

There have been use and abuse of Magic in all ages, as there are use and abuse of Mesmerism or Hypnotism in our own. The ancient world had its Apolloniuses and its Pherecydes, and intellectual people could discriminate between them, as they can now. While not one classic or pagan writer has ever found one word of blame for Apollonius of Tyana, for instance, it is not so with regard to Pherecydes. Hesychius of Miletus, Philo of Byblos and Eustathius charge him with having built his philosophy and science on demoniacal traditions. Cicero declares that Pherecydes is, *potius divinus quam medicus,* "rather a soothsayer than a physician"; and Diogenes Laërtius gives a vast number of stories relating to his predictions. One day Pherecydes of Syros prophesies the shipwreck of a vessel hundreds of miles away from him; another time he predicts the capture of the Lacedæmonians by the Arcadians; finally, he foresees his own wretched end.[3]

Such imputations as these prove very little, except, perhaps, the presence of clairvoyance and prevision in every age. Had it not

[1] Therefore Empedocles is called κωλυσάνεμος —"the dominator of the wind."—*Diogenes,* L. 8. 60.
[2] See *Stroma.,* i, vi. ch. iv.
[3] *Diogenes,* L. i. I. § 146.

been for the evidence brought forward by his own co-religionists, that Pherecydes abused his powers, there would have been no proof at all against him, either of sorcery or of any other malpractice. Such evidence as is given by Christian writers is of no value. Baronius, for instance, and De Mirville find an unanswerable proof of demonology in the belief of a philosopher in the coëternity of matter with spirit. Says De Mirville:

> Pherecydes, postulating in principle the primordiality of Zeus or Ether, and then admitting on the same plane another principle, coëternal and co-working with the first one, which he calls the fifth element, or *Ogenos*—thus confesses that he gets his powers from Satan . . . for *Ogenos* is *Hades*, and Hades is—our Christian Hell.

The first statement is "known to every school-boy" without De Mirville going to the trouble of explaining it; as to the deduction, every Occultist will deny it point-blank, and only smile at the folly. But now we come to the conclusion.

The *résumé* of the views of the Latin Church—as given by various authors of the same type as the Marquis—is that the Hermetic Books—their wisdom notwithstanding, and this wisdom is fully admitted in Rome—are "the heirloom left by Cain, the accursed, to mankind." It is "absolutely proven," says a modern memorialist of "Satan in History," "that immediately after the flood, Ham and his descendants had propagated anew the ancient teachings of the accursed Cainites and of the submerged Race." This proves, at any rate, that Magic, or Sorcery as he calls it, is an Antediluvian Art, and thus one point is gained. For, as he says, "the evidence of Berosus is there" (*Antiq.* i. 3), and he shows Ham to be identical with the first Zoroaster (!), the famous founder of Bactria (!!), and the first author of all the Magic Arts of Babylonia. Zoroaster, on the same authority, is the *Chemesenua* or Ham (Cham),[1] the *infamous*,[2] who left the faithful and loyal Noachians, the blessed, and he is the object of the adoration of the Egyptians, who after receiving from him their country's name *Chemia* (chemistry?), built in his honour a town called *Chemmis*, or the "city of fire."[3] Ham adored fire, it is said, whence the name *Chammaim*, given to the pyramids; which, in their turn, having become vulgarized, passed on their name to our modern "chimney" (cheminée).[4]

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[1] The English-speaking people who spell the name of Noah's disrespectful son "Ham," have to be reminded that the right spelling is Kham, or Cham.

[2] Black Magic, or Sorcery, is the evil result obtained in any shape or way through the practice of Occult Arts; hence it has to be judged only by its effects. The name of Ham or Cain, when pronounced, has never killed anyone; whereas, if we are to believe that same Clemens Alexandrinus, who traces the professor of every Occultist, outside Christianity, to the Devil, the name of Jehovah (pronounced *Jevo* and in a peculiar way) had the effect of killing any man at a distance. The mysterious *Schemhamphorasch* were not always used for holy purposes by the Kabalists, especially on the Sabbath, or Saturday, sacred to Saturn or the evil *Sham*.

[3] Chemmis, the prehistoric city, may or may not have been built by Noah's son, but it was not *his* name that was given to the town, but that of the mystery goddess *Khoemnu* or *Choemnis* (Greek form), the deity that was created by the ardent fancy of the neophyte, who was thus tantalized during his "twelve labours" of probation before his final initiation. Her male counterpart is *Khem*; Chemmis or Khemmis (to-day Akhmin) was the chief seat of the god Khem. The Greeks, identifying Khem with Pan, called this city Panopolis.

[4] *Pneumatolgie*, Vol. II, p. 210. This looks more like pious vengeance than philology. The picture, however, is incomplete, as the author ought to have added to the "chimney" a witch flying out of it on a broomstick.

This statement is entirely wrong. Egypt was the cradle of chemistry and its birthplace—this is pretty well known by this time. Kenrick and others show the root of the word to be *chemi* or *chem,* which is not *Cham* or Ham, but *Khem,* the Egyptian Phallic God of the Mysteries.

But this is not all. De Mirville is bent upon finding a Satanic origin even for the now innocent Tarot.

As to the means for the propagation of this Magic—the bad, diabolical Magic—tradition points it out to us in certain Runic characters traced on metallic plates [or leaves, *des lames*], which escaped destruction in the deluge.[5] This might have been regarded as legendary had not subsequent discoveries shown it far from being so. Plates were found with other such Runic and Satanic characters traced upon them, and these being exhumed, were recognized [?]. They were covered with queer signs, utterly indecipherable and of undeniable antiquity, to which the Hamites [Sorcerers—with the author] attribute marvellous and terrible powers.[6]

We may leave the pious Marquis to his own orthodox beliefs, as he, at any rate, seems quite sincere in his views; nevertheless, his able arguments will have to be sapped at their foundation, for it must be shown on mathematical grounds *who,* or rather *what,* Cain and Ham really were. De Mirville is only the faithful son of his Church, interested in keeping Cain in his anthropomorphic character and present place in Holy Writ. The student of Occultism, on the other hand, is solely interested in the truth. But the age has to follow the natural course of its evolution. As I said in *Isis:*

We are at the bottom of a cycle and evidently in a transitory state. Plato divides the intellectual progress of the universe during every cycle into fertile and barren periods. In the sublunary regions, the spheres of the various elements remain eternally in perfect harmony with the divine nature, he says; "but their parts," owing to a too close proximity to earth, and their commingling with the *earthly* (which is matter, and therefore the realm of evil), "are sometimes according, and sometimes contrary to (divine) nature." When those circulations—which Eliphas Lévi calls "currents of the astral light"—in the universal ether which contains in itself every element, take place in harmony with the divine spirit, our earth and everything pertaining to it enjoys a fertile period. The occult powers of plants, animals, and minerals magically sympathize with the "superior natures," and the divine soul of man is in perfect intelligence with these "inferior" ones. But during the barren periods, the latter lose their magic sympathy, and the spiritual sight of the majority of mankind is so blinded as to lose every notion of the superior powers of its own divine spirit. We are in a barren period: the eighteenth century, during which the malignant fever of scepticism broke out so irrepressibly, has entailed unbelief as an hereditary disease upon the nineteenth. The divine intellect is veiled in man; his animal brain alone *philosophizes.*

H. P. B.

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[5] How could they escape from the deluge—unless God so willed it?

[6] There is a curious work in Russia, written in the Slavonian Sacerdotal language, by the famous Archbishop Peter, on Mogela (the tomb). It is a book of Exorcisms (and, at the same time, Evocations) against the dark powers that trouble the monks and nuns in preference to all. Some who had the good fortune to get it—for its sale is strictly forbidden and kept secret—tried to read it aloud for the purposes of exorcising these powers. Some became lunatics; others died at the sight of what took place. A lady got it by paying two thousand roubles for an incomplete copy. She used it once, and then threw it into the fire the same day, thereafter becoming deadly pale whenever the book was mentioned.

AROUND THE TABLE

THE Mentor came in unannounced, as he often does, while we are still sitting around the dinner table. Somebody made a place for him, and Mother poured him "just a small cup" of coffee.

"We've been arguing", said the Spinster, "about the 'movie' I saw this afternoon." (We call her the Spinster because she's not old enough to object—and because she still loves "the movies," and other frivolous pleasures.)

"Of all the absurd things," Big Brother continued patronisingly, "she says she *heard* the noise the papers made, when the villain tore them in two!"

"Imagination, of course," said the Student, beaming eagerly through her glasses. "We're studying psychology and making tests right now—and it's just one of Spinster's reactions. She didn't really hear a noise, because there wasn't one to hear."

Mother sighed and voiced her grievance then and there. "Making tests! I should say so! And the last time you came home from one, you were fit subject for the Doctor. Don't you think this modern psychology study ridiculous, Mentor? I don't object to her burning her clothes full of holes in the laboratory, but I don't want my little girl's emotions played on, just as an experiment—and with others looking on."

"Well, I think such methods are more false, than ridiculous," answered the Mentor. The light shone on his glasses and then off again, as he earnestly nodded and he looked more benevolent than ever, as he smiled at Mother and Daughter.

"You see, Student, it isn't in fact psychology that *can* be so studied—not *real* psychology. Such tests belong to a super-physiology of a sort, and not a desirable sort at that. It will never discover anything of real value. That kind of experimentation is really a form of vivisection—a vivisection even more brutal than that practised on the lower animals. I'm sorry to think that you have ever been a 'subject', my dear."

"Oh, it's all right enough," said Big Brother. "We used to do all sorts of stunts in psychology when I was in college, and nobody ever got hurt."

"How do you know they didn't?" asked the Mentor with quiet emphasis. "Have you followed the careers of all the 'subjects' who were made to blush, and to cry, and to laugh, and so on—just that a few of you young jackanapes might observe their 'reactions'? Ask the Doctor here what *he* has observed. How about your neurotics, Doctor? Anything there that is due to such forced excitation?"

The Doctor usually laughs when the Mentor begins on him and his science; but this time he was respectful enough, as he balanced

a spoon speculatively on his capable fore-finger. Everybody waited; the Spinster daintily setting down her cup made the only sound.

"Why, yes, Mentor, since you ask me," said the Doctor. "There is a young girl in the hospital now with acute hysteria. She thinks she's a red disc, on a yellow field—and can't stop whirling. She'll be all right in a day or two, I fancy, but I'm afraid they'll have to take her out of school and away for a year." He went on with more animation. "Your phrase 'vivisection' is rather apt, Mentor. And do you know, by the way, that no results of value have ever accrued even to medical science from the practice of vivisection? Had an argument with my assistant only this morning about it. He claimed all sorts of results, but when I analyzed them for him, the boy was rather chopfallen."

"Indeed," Mentor nodded by way of approbation, "if modern science were not so essentially modern as to ignore all that past civilizations have accomplished, humanity would be saved many 'scientific' criminal errors. The knowledge of the ancient sages in regard to the human organism was complete; they came at it, neither by dissection nor vivisection, but by applying the laws of all growth, proceeding from cause to effect. They understood the dual nature of every kind of material, and its applicability according to condition and organism. Do you not see, that as the body is built up from the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms, there exists in nature a remedy for every possible derangement?"

"But, Mentor, please, you must tell me why I heard *that paper* tear!" The Spinster spoke very firmly, as is her wont, covering the interruption with a smile in her eyes. So, of course, Mentor smiled back again—everybody does.

"Oh, you make me admit you did hear it, you rascal?" said the Mentor. "Well, you did, and so did everybody else in the theatre—whether he knew it or not."

"You'll have to show me," said Big Brother, slangily.

"Yes, there's a great deal you have yet to be shown, young man," Mentor replied, amid the general laughter, and continued evenly: "I do not think that the sound you heard of tearing paper was due to imagination; the pictures you saw were records of persons in action made on a sensitive film; these pictures and motions are reproduced whenever proper conditions are supplied; we are so used to this fact that we do not realize all that the fact implies. That movements and expressions can be recorded upon a properly sensitized substance so as to be seen, should open our eyes to the fact that the *sounds* which accompanied those actions are capable of being recorded at the same time. Occult science states explicitly that they are so recorded, and can be heard whenever the proper conditions are supplied."

"Yes, but how about the sounds of the drunken revels, and heavy thuds that you didn't hear?" persisted Big Brother. "Weren't they recorded too? And if so, why didn't you hear them, Sis?"

"Maybe," answered Mentor for her, "the vibrations were too coarse and heavy to be recorded on that film. Certainly, if they were recorded, it was possible to get the sounds again. Some people present may have heard those sounds—having a greater range of hearing than ordinarily obtains. Naturally, sounds of a sharp and distinctive character are heard more readily, because they make a more definite impression upon the film. Sometime, no doubt, a combination of substance will be 'discovered' which will record simultaneously and equally all that goes on in any action and permit reproduction both to sight and hearing."

"Well, now," Mother put in as she led the way to the living-room, "it seems to me there is something of real psychology in that explanation. Or what would you call the true psychology, Mentor?"

"To be brief tonight, as I must be getting back to a letter now, I'll tell you to try out the ancients again there. Take *Patanjali's Yoga Aphorisms* for instance—(Wm. Q. Judge's rendering, by all means). It deals with the Soul or Thinker, apart from his thoughts or conditions, but responsible for them. True psychology shows the Thinker how to proceed in order to think right thoughts and perform right actions—in other words, to gain perfect control."

Student was already on her way to the book-case after *"Patanjali"* when the door latched after Mentor. Then the room settled down to its evening quiet.

MENTAL OBSTRUCTIONS TO MEDITATION*

What mental obstructions are in the way of meditation and most frequently present?

W. Q. Judge.—The greatest foe and that most frequently present is memory, or recollection. This was at one time called *phantasy*. The moment the mind is restrained in concentration for the purpose of meditation, that moment the images, the impressions, the sensations of the past begin to troop through the brain and tend to instantly and constantly disturb the concentration. Hence the need for less selfishness, less personality, less dwelling on objects and desiring them,—or sensation. If the mind be full of impressions, there is also a self-reproductive power in it which takes hold of these seeds of thought and enlivens them. Recollection is the collecting together of impressions, and so it constitutes the first and the greatest obstruction to meditation.

* This answer by Mr. Judge to the question asked was first printed in *The Theosophical Forum* of July, 1895. The title used is our own.—[Ed. Theosophy.]

THE KABALAH AND THE KABALISTS*[1]

AT THE CLOSE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

UNIVERSAL aspirations, especially when impeded and suppressed in their free manifestation, die out but to return with tenfold power. They are cyclic, like every other natural phenomenon, whether mental or cosmic, universal or national. Dam a river in one place, and the water will work its way into another, and break out through it like a torrent.

One of such universal aspirations, the strongest perhaps in man's nature, is the longing to seek for the unknown; an ineradicable desire to penetrate below the surface of things, a thirst for the knowledge of that which is hidden from others. Nine children out of ten will break their toys to see what there is inside. It is an innate feeling and is Protean in form. It rises from the ridiculous (or perhaps rather from the reprehensible) to the sublime, for it is limited to indiscreet inquisitiveness, prying into neighbours' secrets, in the uneducated, and it expands in the cultured into that love for knowledge which ends in leading them to the summits of science, and fills the Academies and the Royal Institutions with learned men.

But this pertains to the world of the objective. The man in whom the metaphysical element is stronger than the physical, is propelled by this natural aspiration towards the mystical, to that which the materialist is pleased to call a "superstitious belief in the supernatural." The Church, while encouraging our aspirations after the holy—on strictly theological and orthodox lines, of course—condemns at the same time the human craving after the same, whenever the practical search after it departs from its own lines. The memory of the thousands of illiterate "witches," and the hundreds of learned alchemists, philosophers and other heretics, tortured, burnt, and otherwise put to death during the Middle Ages, remains as an ever-present witness to that arbitrary and despotic interference.

In the present age both Church and Science, the blindly-believing and the all-denying, are arrayed against the Secret Sciences, though both Church and Science believed in and practised them—especially the Kabalah—at a not very distant period of history. One says now, "It is of the devil!" the other that "the devil is a creation of the Church, and a disgraceful superstition"; in short, that there is neither devil nor occult sciences. The first one forgets that it has publicly proclaimed, hardly 400 years ago, the Jewish Kabalah

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[1] The spelling of the word is various; some write Cabbalah, others Kabbalah. The latest writers have introduced a new spelling as more consonant with the Hebrew manner of writing the word and make it *Qabalah*. This is more grammatical, perhaps, but as no Englishman will ever pronounce a foreign name or word but in an Englishified way, to write the term simply Kabalah seems less pretentious and answers as well.

as the *greatest witness* to the truths of Christianity;[2] the second, that the most illustrious men of science were all alchemists, astrologers and magicians, witness Paracelsus, Van Helmont, Roger Bacon, etc. But consistency has never been a virtue of Modern Science. It has religiously believed in all which it now denies, and it has denied all that it now believes in, from the circulation of the blood up to steam and electric power.

This sudden change of attitude in both powers cannot prevent events from taking their natural course. The last quarter of our century is witnessing an extraordinary outbreak of occult studies, and magic dashes once more its powerful waves against the rocks of Church and Science, which it is slowly but as surely undermining. Any one whose natural mysticism impels him to seek for sympathetic contact with other minds, is astonished to find how large a number of persons are not only interested in Mysticism generally, but are actually themselves Kabalists. The river dammed during the Middle Ages has flowed since noiselessly underground, and has now burst up as an irrepressible torrent. Hundreds to-day study the Kabalah, where scarcely one or two could have been found some fifty years ago, when fear of the Church was still a powerful factor in men's lives. But the long-pent-up torrent has now diverged into two streams—Eastern Occultism and the Jewish Kabalah; the traditions of the Wisdom-Religion of the races that preceded the Adam of the "Fall"; and the system of the ancient Levites of Israel, who most ingeniously veiled a portion of that religion of the Pantheists under the mask of monotheism.

Unfortunately many are called but few chosen. The two systems threaten the world of the mystics with a speedy conflict, which, instead of increasing the spread of the One Universal Truth, will necessarily only weaken and impede its progress. Yet, the question is not, once more, which is *the* one truth. For both are founded upon the eternal verities of prehistoric knowledge, as both, in the present age and the state of mental transition through which humanity is now passing, can give out only a certain portion of these verities. It is simply a question: "Which of the two systems contains most unadulterated facts; and, most important of all—which of the two presents its teachings in the most Catholic (*i. e.*, unsectarian) and impartial manner?" One—the Eastern system—has veiled for ages its profound pantheistic unitarianism with the exuberance of an exoteric polytheism; the other—as said above—with the screen of exoteric monotheism. Both are but masks to hide the

[2] This is demonstrated by what we know of the life of John Picus de Mirandola. Ginsburg and others have stated the following facts, namely, that after having studied the Kabalah Mirandola "found that there is more Christianity than Judaism in the Kabalah; he discovered in it proofs for the doctrine of the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Divinity of Christ, the heavenly Jerusalem, the fall of the Angels," and so on. "In 1486, when only twenty-four years old, he published 900 theses which were placarded in Rome (not without the consent or knowledge surely of the Pope and his Government?), and which he undertook to defend in the presence of all European scholars, whom he invited to the Eternal City, promising to defray their travelling expenses. Among the theses was the following: 'No science yields greater proof of the Divinity of Christ than magic and the Cabbalah.'" The reason why will be shown in the present article.

sacred truth from the profane; for neither the Aryan nor the Semitic philosophers have ever accepted either the anthropomorphism of the many Gods, or the personality of the one God, as a philosophical proposition. But it is impossible within the limits we have at our disposal, to attempt to enter upon a minute discussion of this question. We must be content with a simpler task. The rites and ceremonies of the Jewish law seem to be an abyss, which long generations of Christian Fathers, and especially of Protestant Reformers, have vainly sought to fill in with their far-fetched interpretations. Yet all the early Christians, Paul and the Gnostics, regarded and proclaimed the Jewish law as essentially distinct from the new Christian law. St. Paul called the former an allegory, and St. Stephen told the Jews an hour before being stoned that they had not even kept the law that they had received from the angels (the æons), and as to the Holy Ghost (the impersonal Logos or Christos, as taught at Initiation) they had resisted and rejected it as their fathers had done (*Acts* vii.). This was virtually telling them that their law was inferior to the later one. Notwithstanding that the Mosaic Books which we *think* we have in the *Old Testament,* cannot be more than two or three centuries older than Christianity, the Protestants have nevertheless made of them their Sacred Canon, on a par with, if not higher than, the Gospels. But when the *Pentateuch* was written, or rather *rewritten* after Ezdras, *i. e.*, after the Rabbis had settled upon a new departure, a number of additions were made which were taken bodily from Persian and Babylonian doctrines; and this *at a period subsequent to the colonization of Judea* under the authority of the kings of Persia. This reëditing was of course done in the same way as with all such Scriptures. They were originally written in a secret key, or cipher, known only to the Initiates. But instead of adapting the contents to the highest spiritual truths as taught in the *third,* the highest, degree of Initiation, and expressed in symbolical language—as may be seen even in the exoteric *Purânas* of India—the writers of the *Pentateuch,* revised and corrected, they who cared but for earthly and national glory, adapted only to astro-physiological symbols the supposed events of the Abrahams, Jacobs, and Solomons, and the fantastic history of their little race. Thus they produced, under the mask of monotheism, a religion of sexual and phallic worship, one that concealed an adoration of the Gods, or the lower æons. No one would maintain that anything like the dualism and the angelolatry of Persia, brought by the Jews from the captivity, could ever be found in the *real* Law, or Books of Moses. For how, in such case, could the Sadducees, who reverenced that Law, reject angels, as well as the soul and its immortality? And yet angels, if not the soul's immortal nature, are distinctly asserted to exist in the *Old Testament,* and are found in the Jewish modern scrolls.[1]

[1] This is just what the Gnostics had always maintained quite independently of Christians. In their doctrines the Jewish God, the "Elohim," was a hierarchy of low terrestrial angels—an *Ildabaoth,* spiteful and jealous.

This fact of the successive and widely differing redactions of that which we loosely term the Books of Moses, and of their triple adaptation to the first (lowest), second, and third, or highest, degree of Sodalian initiation, and that still more puzzling fact of the diametrically opposite beliefs of the Sadducees and the other Jewish sects, all accepting, nevertheless, the same *Revelation*—can be made comprehensible only in the light of our Esoteric explanation. It also shows the reason why, when Moses and the Prophets belonged to the Sodalities (the great Mysteries), the latter yet seem so often to fulminate against the abominations of the Sodales and their "Sod." For had the Old Canon been translated literally, as is claimed, instead of being adapted to a monotheism absent from it, and to the spirit of each sect, as the differences in the Septuagint and Vulgate prove, the following contradictory sentences would be added to the hundreds of other inconsistencies in "Holy Writ." "*Sod* Ihoh [the mysteries of Johoh, or Jehovah] are for those who fear him," says *Psalm* xxv. 14, mistranslated "the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." Again "Al [El] is terrible in the great Sod of the Kadeshim" is rendered as—"God is greatly to be feared in the assembly of the saints" (*Psalm* lxxxix. 7). The title of Kadeshim (Kadosh sing.) means in reality something quite different from saints, though it is generally explained as "priests," the "holy" and the *"Initiated"*; for the Kadeshim were simply the *galli* of the abominable mysteries (Sod) of the exoteric rites. They were, in short, the male Nautches of the temples, during whose initiations the *arcanum*, the *Sod* (from which "Sodom," perchance) of physiological and sexual evolution, were divulged. These rites all belonged to the first degree of the Mysteries, so protected and beloved by David—the "friend of God." They must have been very ancient with the Jews, and were ever abominated by the true Initiates; thus we find the dying Jacob's prayer is that his soul should not come into the *secret* (*Sod*, in the original) of Simeon and Levi (the priestly caste) and into their *assembly* during which they "slew a man" (*Genesis* xlix. 5, 6).[1] And yet Moses is claimed by the Kabalists as chief of the *Sodales!* Reject the explanation of the *Secret Doctrine* and the whole *Pentateuch* becomes the abomination of abominations.

Therefore, do we find Jehovah, the anthropomorphic God, everywhere in the *Bible*, but of Ain Suph not one word is said. And therefore, also, was the Jewish metrology quite different from the numeral methods of other people. Instead of serving as an adjunct to other prearranged methods, to penetrate therewith as with a key into the hidden or implied meaning contained within the literal sentences—as the initiated Brahmins do to this day, when reading their sacred books—the numeral system with the Jews is,

[1] To *"slay a man"* meant, in the symbolism of the Lesser Mysteries, the rite during which crimes against nature were committed, for which purpose the Kadeshim were set aside. Thus Cain "slays" his brother Abel, who, esoterically, is a female character and represents the first *human* woman in the Third Race after the separation of sexes. See also the *Source of Measures*, pp. 253, 283, etc.

as the author of *Hebrew Metrology* tells us, the Holy Writ itself: "That very thing, *in esse,* on which, and out of which, and by the continuous interweaving use of which, the very text of the Bible has been made to result, as its enunciation, from the beginning word of Genesis to the closing word of Deuteronomy."

So true is this, indeed, that the authors of the *New Testament* who had to blend their system with both the Jewish and the Pagan, had to borrow their most metaphysical symbols not from the *Pentateuch,* or even the Kabalah, but from the Aryan astro-symbology. One instance will suffice. Whence the dual meaning of the First-born, the Lamb, the Unborn, and the Eternal—all relating to the Logos or Christos? We say from the Sanskrit *Aja,* a word the meanings of which are: *(a)* the Ram, or the Lamb, the first sign of the Zodiac, called in astronomy *Mesha*; *(b)* the Unborn, a title of the first Logos, or Brahma, the self-existent cause of all, described and so referred to in the *Upanishads.*

The Hebrew Kabalistic Gematria, Notaricon, and T'mura are very ingenious methods, giving the key to the secret meaning of Jewish symbology, one that applied the relations of their sacred imagery only to one side of Nature—namely, the physical side. Their myths and the names and the events attributed to their Biblical personages were made to correspond with astronomical revolutions and sexual evolution, and had nought to do with the spiritual states of man; hence no such correspondences are to be found in the reading of their sacred canon. The real Mosaic Jews of the Sodales, whose direct heirs *on the line of initiation* were the Sadducees, had no spirituality in them, nor did they feel any need for it apparently. The reader, whose ideas of Initiation and Adeptship are intimately blended with the mysteries of the after life and soul survival, will now see the reason for the great yet natural inconsistencies found on almost every page of the *Bible.* Thus, in the *Book of Job,* a Kabalistic treatise on Egypto-Arabic Initiation, the symbolism of which conceals the highest spiritual mysteries, one finds yet this significant and purely materialistic verse: "Man born of a woman is . . . like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not" (xiv. 1, 2). But Job speaks here of the *personality,* and he is right; for no Initiate would say that the personality long survived the death of the physical body; the spirit alone is immortal. But this sentence in *Job,* the oldest document in the *Bible,* makes only the more brutally materialistic that in *Ecclesiastes,* iii. 19, *et seq.*, one of the latest records. The writer, who speaks in the name of Solomon, and says that "that which befalleth the *sons of men befalleth beasts,* even . . . *as the one dieth, so dieth the other* . . . so that a man hath no preëminence above a beast," is quite on a par with the modern Hæckels, and expresses only that which he thinks.

Therefore, no knowledge of Kabalistic methods can help one in finding that in the *Old Testament* which has never been there since

the *Book of the Law* was re-written (rather than found) by Hilkiah. Nor can the reading of the Egyptian symbols be much helped by the mediæval Kabalistic systems. Indeed, it is but the blindness of a pious illusion that can lead anyone to discover any spiritual and metaphysical correspondences or meaning in the Jewish purely astro-physiological symbology. On the other hand, the ancient pagan religious systems, so-called, are all built upon abstract spiritual speculations, their gross external forms being, perhaps, the most secure veil to hide their inner meaning.

It can be demonstrated, on the authority of the most learned Kabalists of our day that the *Zohar,* and almost all the Kabalistic works, have passed through Christian hands. Hence, that they cannot be considered any longer as universal, but have become simply sectarian. This is well shown by Picus de Mirandola's thesis upon the proposition that "no Science yields greater proof of the divinity of Christ than magic and the Kabalah." This is true of the divinity of the Logos, or of the Christos of the Gnostics; because that Christos remains the same WORD of the ever-unmanifested Deity, whether we call it Parabrahm or Ain Suph—by whatever name he himself is called—Krishna, Buddha, or Ormazd. But this Christos is neither the Christ of the Churches, nor yet the Jesus of the Gospels; it is only an *impersonal Principle.* Nevertheless the Latin Church made capital of this thesis; the result of which was, that as in the last century, so it is now in Europe and America. Almost every Kabalist is now a believer in a *personal* God, in the very teeth of the original *impersonal* Ain Suph, and is, moreover, a more or less heterodox, but still a, Christian. This is due entirely to the ignorance of most people *(a)* that the *Kabalah* (the *Zohar* especially) we have, is not the original *Book of Splendour,* written down from the oral teachings of Simon Ben Jochai; and *(b)* that the latter, being indeed an exposition of the hidden sense of the writings of Moses (so-called) was as equally good an exponent of the Esoteric meaning contained under the shell of the literal sense in the Scriptures of any Pagan religion. Nor do the modern Kabalists seem to be aware of the fact, that the Kabalah as it now stands, with its more than revised texts, its additions made to apply to the *New* as much as to the *Old Testament,* its numerical language recomposed so as to apply to both, and its crafty veiling, is no longer able now to furnish all the ancient and primitive meanings. In short that no Kabalistic work now extant among the Western nations can display any greater mysteries of nature, than those which Ezra and Co., and the later co-workers of Moses de Leon, desired to unfold; the Kabalah contains no more than the Syrian and Chaldean Christians and ex-Gnostics of the thirteenth century wanted those works to reveal. And what they do reveal hardly repays the trouble of passing one's life in studying it. For if they may, and do, present a field of immense interest to the Mason and mathematician, they can teach scarcely anything to the student hungering after spiritual

mysteries. The use of all the seven keys to unlock the mysteries of Being in this life, and the lives to come, as in those which have gone by, shows that the Chaldean *Book of Numbers,* and the *Upanishads* undeniably conceal the most divine philosophy—as it is that of the Universal Wisdom Religion. But the *Zohar,* now so mutilated, can show nothing of the kind. Besides which, who of the Western philosophers or students has *all* those keys at his command? These are now entrusted only to the highest Initiates in *Gupta Vidyâ,* to great Adepts; and, surely it is no self-taught tyro, not even an isolated mystic, however great his genius and natural powers, who can hope to unravel *in one life* more than one or two of the lost keys.[1]

The key to the Jewish metrology has been undeniably unravelled, and a very important key it is. But as we may infer from the words of the discoverer himself in the footnote just quoted—though that key (concealed in the "Sacred Metrology") discloses the fact that "Holy Writ" contains *"a rational science of sober and great worth,"* yet it helps to unveil no higher spiritual truth than that which all astrologers have insisted upon in every age; *i. e.,* the close relation between the sidereal and all the terrestrial bodies—human beings included. The history of our globe and its humanities is prototyped in the astronomical heavens from first to last, though the Royal Society of Physicists may not become aware of it for ages yet to come. By the showing of the said discoverer himself, "the burden of this secret doctrine, this Cabbalah, is of pure truth and right reason, for it is geometry with applied proper numbers, of astronomy and of a system of measures, *viz.,* the Masonic inch, the twenty-four inch gauge (or the double foot), the yard, and the mile. These were claimed to be of divine revelation and impartation, by the possession and use of which, it could be said of Abram: 'Blessed of the Most High God, Abram, measure of heaven and earth'"—the *"creative law of measure."*

And is this all that the *primitive* Kabalah contained? No; for the author remarks elsewhere: "What the originally and intended right reading was [in the *Pentateuch*] who can tell?" Thus allowing the reader to infer that the meanings implied in the exoteric, or dead letter of the Hebrew texts, are by no means only those revealed by metrology. Therefore are we justified in saying that the Jewish Kabalah, with its numerical methods, is now only *one* of the keys

[1] The writer in the *Masonic Review* is thus quite justified in saying as he does, that "the Kabalistic field is that in which astrologers, necromancers, black and white magicians, fortune-tellers, chiromancers, and all the like, revel and make claims to supernaturalism *ad nauseam*"; and he adds: "The Christian quarrying into its mass of mysticism, claims its support and authority for that most perplexing of all problems, the Holy Trinity, and the portrayed character of Christ. With equal assurance, but more effrontery, the knave, in the name of Cabbalah, will sell amulets and charms, tell fortunes, draw horoscopes, and just as readily give specific rules . . . for raising the dead, and actually—the devil. . . . Discovery has yet to be made of what Cabbalah really consists, before any weight or authority can be given to the name. On that discovery will rest the question whether the name should be received as related to matters worthy of rational acknowledgment." *"The writer claims that such a discovery has been made,* and that the same embraces rational science of sober and great worth." "The Cabbalah," from the *Masonic Review* for September, 1885, by Brother J. Ralston Skinner (McMillian Lodge, No. 141).

to the ancient mysteries, and that the Eastern or Aryan systems alone can supply the rest, and unveil the whole truth of *Creation*.[1]

What this numeral system is, we leave its discoverer to explain himself. According to him:

Like all other human productions of the kind, the Hebrew text of the Bible was in characters which could serve as sound signs for syllable utterance, or for this purpose what are called letters. Now in the first place, these original character signs were also pictures, each one of them; and these pictures of themselves stood for ideas which could be communicated, much like the original Chinese letters. Gustav Seyffarth shows that the Egyptian hieroglyphics numbered over 600 picture characters, which embraced the modified use, syllabically, of the original number of letters of the Hebrew alphabet. The characters of the Hebrew text of the sacred scroll were divided into classes, in which the characters of each class were interchangeable; whereby one form might be exchanged for another to carry a modified signification, both by letter, and picture, and number. Seyffarth shows the modified form of the very ancient Hebrew alphabet in the old Coptic by this law of interchange of characters.[2] This law of permitted interchange of letters is to be found quite fully set forth in the Hebrew dictionaries. . . . Though recognized . . . it is very perplexing and hard to understand, because we have lost the specific use and power of such interchange. [Just so!] In the second place these characters stood for *numbers*—to be used for numbers as we use specific number signs—though also there is very much to prove that the old Hebrews were in possession of the so-called Arabic numerals, as we have them, from the straight line I to the zero character, together making 1+9=10. . . . In the third place, it is said, and it seems to be proved, that these characters stood for musical notes; so that, for instance, the arrangement of the letters in the first chapter of Genesis, can be rendered musically or by song.[3] Another law of the Hebrew characters was that only the consonantal signs were characterized—the vowels were not characterized, but were supplied. If one will try it he will find that a consonant of itself cannot be made vocal without the help of a vowel;[4] therefore . . . the consonants made the framework of a word, but to give it life or utterance into the air, so as to impart the thought of the mind, and the feelings of the heart, the vowels were supplied.

Now, even if we suppose, for argument's sake, that the "framework," *i. e.*, the consonants of the *Pentateuch* are the same as in the days of Moses, what changes must have been effected with those scrolls—written in such a poor language as the Hebrew, with its less than two dozens of letters—when rewritten time after time, and its vowels and points supplied in ever-new combinations! No two minds are alike, and the feelings of the heart change. What could remain, we ask, of the original writings of Moses, if such ever ex-

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[1] Even as it stands now, the Kabalah, with its several methods, can only puzzle by offering several versions; it can never divulge the whole truth. The readings of even the first sentence of *Genesis* are several. To quote the author: "It is made to read 'B'rashith barâ Elohim,' etc., 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth,' wherein Elohim is a plural nominative to a verb in the third person singular. Nachminedes called attention to the fact that the text might suffer the reading, 'B'rash ithbârâ Elohim,' etc., 'In the head (source or beginning) created itself (or developed) *gods, the heavens and the earth,*' really a more grammatical rendering." (*Ibid.*) And yet we are forced to believe the Jewish monotheism!

[2] Before Seyffarth can hope to have his hypothesis accepted, however, he will have to prove that (*a*) the Israelites had an alphabet of their own when the ancient Egyptians or Copts had as yet none; and (*b*) that the Hebrew of the later scrolls is the Hebrew, or "mystery language" of Moses, which the Secret Doctrine denies.

[3] Not the Hebrew helped by the Massoretic signs, at all events. See further on, however.

[4] And therefore as the vowels were furnished *ad libitum* by the Massorets they could make of a word what they liked!

isted, when they had been lost for nearly 800 years and then found when every remembrance of them must have disappeared from the minds of the most learned, and Hilkiah has them rewritten by Shaphan, the scribe? When lost again, they are rewritten again by Ezra; lost once more in 168 B. C. the volume or scrolls were again destroyed; and when finally they reappear, we find them dressed in their Massoretic disguise! We may know something of Ben Chajim, who published the Massorah of the scrolls in the fifteenth century; we can know nothing of Moses, this is certain, unless we become—Initiates of the Eastern School.

Ahrens, when speaking of the letters so arranged in the Hebrew sacred scrolls—that they were of themselves musical notes—had probably never studied Aryan Hindû music. In the Sanskrit language there is no need to so arrange letters in the sacred *ollas* that they should become musical. For the whole Sanskrit alphabet and the *Vedas,* from the first word to the last, are musical notations reduced to writing, and the two are inseparable.[1] As Homer distinguished between the "language of Gods" and the *language of men,*[2] so did the Hindûs.

The *Devanâgarî*—the Sanskrit character—is the "Speech of the Gods" and Sanskrit the divine language.[3] As to the Hebrew let the modern Isaiahs cry "Woe is me!" and confess that which "the newly-discovered mode of language (Hebrew metrology) veiled under the words of the sacred Text" has now clearly shown. Read the *Source of Measures,* read all the other able treatises on the subject by the same author. And then the reader will find that with the utmost good-will and incessant efforts covering many years of study, that laborious scholar, having penetrated under the mask of the system, can find in it little more than pure anthropomorphism. In man, and on man, alone, rests the whole scheme of the Kabalah, and to man and his functions, on however enlarged a scale, everything in it is made to apply. Man, as the Archetypal Man or Adam, is made to contain the whole Kabalistic system. He is the great symbol and shadow, thrown by the manifested Kosmos, itself the reflection of the impersonal and ever incomprehensible principle; and this shadow furnishes by its construction—the personal grown out of the impersonal—a kind of objective and tangible symbol of everything visible and invisible in the Universe. "As the First Cause was utterly unknown and unnameable, such names as were adopted as most sacred (in *Bible* and Kabalah) and commonly made applica-

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[1] See *Theosophist,* November, 1879, article *Hindu Music,* p. 47.

[2] *Thes.* xiv. 289, 290.

[3] The Sankrit letters are three times as numerous as the poor twenty-two letters of the Hebrew alphabet. They are all musical and are read, or rather chanted, according to a system given in very old Tantrika works (see *Tantra Shastras*); and are called *Devanagari,* "the speech or language of the Gods." And since each answers to a numeral, and has therefore a far larger scope for expression and meaning, it must necessarily be far more perfect and far older than the Hebrew, which followed the system, but could apply it only in a very limited way. If either of the two languages were taught to humanity by the Gods, surely it is rather Sanskrit—the perfect of the most perfect languages on Earth—than Hebrew, the roughest and the poorest. For once we believe in a language of *divine* origin, we can hardly believe at the same time that angels or Gods or any divine messenger should have selected the inferior in preference to the superior.

ble to the Divine Being, were after all *not so,*" but were mere manifestations of the unknowable, such

> In a cosmic or natural sense, as could become known to man. Hence these names *were not so sacred as commonly held,* inasmuch as with all created things they were themselves but names or enunciations of things known. As to metrology, instead of a valuable adjunct to the Biblical system . . . the entire text of the Holy Writ in the Mosaic books is not only replete with it as a system, but the system itself is that very thing, *in esse,*

from the first to the last word.

> For instance, the narratives of the first day, of the six days, of the seventh day, of the making of Adam, male and female, of Adam in the Garden, of the formation of the woman out of the man, of . . . the genealogy of Ararat, of the ark, of Noah with his dove and raven, . . . of Abram's travel from Ur . . . into Egypt before Pharaoh, of Abram's life, of the three covenants, . . . of the construction of the tabernacle and the dwelling of Jehovah, of the famous 603,550 as the number of men capable of bearing arms, . . . the exodus out of Egypt, and the like—all are but so many modes of enunciation of this system of geometry, of applied number ratios, of measures and their various applications.

And the author of *Hebrew Metrology* ends by saying:

> Whatever may have been the Jewish mode of complete interpretation of these books, the Christian Church has taken them for what they show on their *first face*—and that only. The Christian Church has never attributed to these books any property beyond this; and herein has existed *its great error.*

But the Western European Kabalists, and many of the American (though luckily not all), claim to correct this error of their Church. How far do they succeed and where is the evidence of their success? Read all the volumes published on the Kabalah in the course of this century; and if we except a few volumes issued recently in America, it will be found that not a single Kabalist has penetrated even skin deep below the surface of that "first face." Their digests are pure speculation and hypotheses and—no more. One bases his glosses upon Ragon's Masonic revelations; another takes Fabre d'Olivet for his prophet—this writer having never been a Kabalist, though he was a genius of wonderful, almost miraculous, erudition, and a polyglot linguist greater than whom there was since his day none, even among the philologists of the French Academy, which refused to take notice of his work. Others, again, believe that no greater Kabalist was born among the sons of men than the late Eliphas Lévi—a charming and witty writer, who, however, has more mystified than taught in his many volumes on Magic. Let not the reader conclude from these statements that real, learned Kabalists are not to be found in the Old and New Worlds. There are initiated Occultists, who are Kabalists, scattered hither and thither, most undeniably, especially in Germany and Poland. But these *will not publish what they know,* nor will they call themselves Kabalists. The "*Sodalian* oath" of the third degree holds good now as ever.

But there are those who are pledged to no secresy. Those writers are the only ones on whose information the Kabalists ought to rely, however incomplete their statements from the standpoint of

a *full revelation, i. e.*, of the sevenfold Esoteric meaning. It is they who care least for those secrets after which alone the modern Hermetist and Kabalist is now hungering—such as the transmutation into gold, and the Elixir of Life, or the Philosopher's Stone—*for physical purposes*. For all the chief secrets of the Occult teachings are concerned with the highest spiritual knowledge. They deal with mental states, not with physical processes and their transformations. In a word, the real, genuine Kabalah, the only original copy of which is contained in the Chaldean *Book of Numbers,* pertains to, and teaches about, the realm of spirit, not that of matter.

What, then, is the Kabalah, in reality, and does it afford a revelation of such higher spiritual mysteries? The writer answers most emphatically No. What the Kabalistic keys and methods were, in the origin of the *Pentateuch* and other sacred scrolls and documents of the Jews now no longer extant, is one thing; what they are now is quite another. The Kabalah is a manifold language; moreover, one whose reading is determined by the dead-letter face text of the record to be deciphered. It teaches and helps one to read the Esoteric real meaning hidden under the mask of that dead letter; it cannot *create* a text or make one find in the document under study that which has never been in it from the beginning. The Kabalah —such as we have it now—is inseparable from the text of the *Old Testament*, as remodelled by Ezra and others. And as the Hebrew Scriptures, or their contents, have been repeatedly altered—notwithstanding the ancient boast that not one letter in the Sacred Scroll, not an iota, has ever been changed—so no Kabalistic methods can help us by reading in it anything besides what there is in it. He who does it is no Kabalist, but a dreamer.

Lastly, the profane reader should learn the difference between the Kabalah and the Kabalistic works, before he is made to face other arguments. For the Kabalah is no special volume, nor is it even a system. It consists of seven different systems applied to seven different interpretations of any given Esoteric work or subject. These systems were always *transmitted orally* by one generation of Initiates to another, under the pledge of the Sodalian oath, and *they have never been recorded in writing* by any one. Those who speak of translating the Kabalah into this or another tongue may as well talk of translating the wordless signal-chants of the Bedouin brigands into some particular language. Kabalah, as a word, is derived from the root *Kbl (Kebel)* "to hand over," or "to receive" *orally*. It is erroneous to say, as Kenneth Mackenzie does in his *Royal Masonic Cyclopædia*, that "the doctrine of the Kabalah refers to the system handed down by oral transmission, and is nearly allied to *tradition*"; for in this sentence the first proposition only is true, while the second is not. It is not allied to "tradition" but to the seven veils or the seven truths orally *revealed at Initiation*. Of these methods, pertaining to the universal pictorial languages—meaning by "pictorial" any cipher, number, symbol, or other glyph

that can be represented, whether objectively or subjectively (mentally)—three only exist at present in the Jewish system.[1] Thus, if Kabalah as a word is Hebrew, the system itself is no more Jewish than is sunlight; it is universal.

On the other hand, the Jews can claim the *Zohar, Sepher Yetzirah* (Book of Creation), *Sepher Dzeniuta,* and a few others, as their own undeniable property and as Kabalistic works.

H. P. B.

THE KSHATTRIYA'S DUTY*

Please explain the following passage from Bhagavad-Gita, *chapter II, Judge's edition, page 14: "A soldier of the Kshattriya tribe has no duty superior to lawful war," and especially show why the answer to Question 1, New Series, is not inconsistent with the passage.*

W. Q. Judge.—It is a phrase meaning that the duty one is born to, or has, is the one to be performed and that no other assumed duty is superior. From the Hindu point of view it refers to caste and that a member of the warrior caste is born for fighting which for him is, according to his religion, a duty. As Arjuna was a Kshattriya, Krishna naturally referred to his caste duty. Had he been a *Sudra,* or servant, then the verse would read that a "slave of the *Sudra* tribe has no duty superior to performing service as required." The Vedic religion, unlike the Buddhist, permits a certain caste to fight and kill, *lawfully* and in defence of the country. But the Brahman and the merchant are not permitted to thus kill. Hence each in his caste performs the duty of that caste into which he was born. Looking at the verse from an American and non-caste standpoint, then it is simply an assertion that present duty, when known, is superior to any assumed or unknown duty.

I fail to see what Question I, has to do with this. That question was upon capital punishment. If one is of the Vedic religion he will allow of lawful war for defense of country, if he is a Buddhist he will be against all killing; and both may be against capital punishment; the answers to Question I, did not declare anything as to what particular religion was followed. Capital punishment for crime is a very different matter from sudden death in lawful war.

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[1] Of these three not one can be made to apply to purely spiritual metaphysics. One divulges the relations of the sidereal bodies to the terrestrial, especially the human; the other relates to the evolution of the human races and the sexes; the third to Kosmotheogony and is metrological.

* This answer by Mr. Judge to the question asked was first printed in *The Theosophical Forum* of September, 1895. The title used is our own.—[Ed. Theosophy.]

WHAT IS THE CRITERION OF THEOSOPHY?*

The fundamental question, "What is the criterion of Theosophy?" calls for an answer. Has Theosophy the power of growth, progress and advancement in line with all new expositions of truth? In the minds of many the writings of H. P. B. are regarded as the infallible oracles of Theosophy. But in time criticism is sure to do its work. Consequently it is necessary soon to give out a definition of it much broader, simpler, and more unequivocal than any heretofore offered.

W. Q. Judge.—This is in fact a request to formulate and promulgate a dogmatic statement of Theosophy as we understand it. That is, to go completely back on the genius of the Theosophical movement, which is for the destruction of dogmatism. The strength of Theosophy lies in the fact that it is not to be defined. It is the wisdom of the gods, or of nature. This means that evolution, slowly progressing, will bring out new truths and new aspects of old truths, thus absolutely preventing any dogmas or "unequivocal definitions." Were we to make and declare a definition of Theosophy it would be only the words of those who participated in drawing it up, and not acceptable to all. And were it possible that all would accept, then would be sounded the doom of the movement. Hence the reply to the question, "What is the criterion of Theosophy?" is that it is found in each man's perception of the Truth: therefore there is no single criterion.

If any persons regard H. P. B.'s writings as the infallible oracles of Theosophy, they go directly against her own words and the works themselves; they must be people who do not indulge in original thinking and cannot make much impression on the times.

As for the Theosophical Society, the moment it makes a hard and fast definition of Theosophy it will mark the first hour of its decay.

Inasmuch as Theosophy is the whole body of truth about man and nature, either known now or hereafter to be discovered, it has the "power of growth, progress and advancement," since every new truth makes it clearer. But among the truths will not be reckoned at any time the definitions, dogmas, creeds or beliefs laid down by man.

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*This answer by Mr. Judge to the question asked was first printed in *The Theosophical Forum* for December, 1895. The title used is our own.—[Ed. Theosophy.]

ON THE LOOKOUT

Sir Rabindranath Tagore, poet, philosopher and humanitarian of India, has attracted wide attention in the West; first, perhaps, because of having been awarded the Nobel prize for idealistic literature, but subsequently because of the beauty and merit of his writings. His visit to these shores is primarily to obtain aid to sustain and extend his humanitarian work in his own country, which in itself is a confession of the inability or unwillingness of his own people to do so. He admits and commends the wonderful energy and material progress of the West, while pointing to the futility of that progress as an end in itself. He points to India as the storehouse of the wisdom of the past and assumes that that country has the power to raise the West to right ideals and true progress.

Theosophists for forty years have been proclaiming that the East is the storehouse of ancient wisdom, realizing at the same time that India is only a portion of the East, and furthermore that it has not applied that wisdom in any practical way. Brahamanism is the dominant religion of India, and it allows for no propaganda; other nations may die in their sins for all that the adherents of that religion have done to help or save. In fact, had it not been for H. P. Blavatsky and her Western colleagues' persistent efforts to draw attention to the existence of the Wisdom Religion in the East, and the presentation of that ancient knowledge in the language of the West, there would have been no open doors for the swarm of Swamis and others of the East who took advantage of the work done by Western people to further their own sectarian or personal purposes.

Modern India has to raise itself by a practical application of the ancient wisdom it has inherited—not acquired. It has to make those ideals a living power in the lives of its people. Until it has accomplished this, it is powerless to influence or help Western peoples, who, whatever may be their paucity of ideals, have at least the earnestness, courage and energy to put such as they have into practice.

Nevertheless, the West sorely needs the stored up ancient wisdom of the East, and the East will not be aroused until the West avails itself of the treasures of the past and is able to teach the East how to use them, for the great mass of Eastern peoples, although gentle, are ignorant and superstitious; their superstitions are theological; the Brahman fosters this and the caste system presents almost insurmountable barriers.

It is therefore folly for either East or West to take any stand upon the idea of national superiority; each needs the best that the other possesses, and not until this jointure is made will there be any true progress for either.

As conditions now stand, the West is fully organized, armed and equipped to put into practical application any ideals it may adopt; the East, unfortunately, has gone too far to raise itself. It is therefore the destiny and the duty of the West to raise the East from the inertia, the darkness, superstition and ignorance into which it has fallen. It is a glorious destiny, the truth of which should be self-evident, for in the West is a mass of revolving energy composed of human egos from all the ancient ages of the past, which, having established a better material foundation than has heretofore existed, is ready to take and adopt higher and better ideals, ideals that only the ancient Eastern Wisdom can supply.

We are inclined to think that if Tagore felt free to express himself frankly, he would agree essentially with what has been here expressed, for he has not only to refrain from arousing prejudice in the West, but has also to consider the prejudices of his own people in carrying out his immediate purpose. His aim, as we understand it, is to break down the barriers of nationality by a general reliance upon the great facts of human experience and development in all ages. The way has been prepared for him and others

like him by Theosophy, which is in fact a presentation in Western form of the ancient Eastern wisdom; so we welcome his coming and his message as another link in the great chain which is forming to bind the treasures of the East and the power of practical application of the West together—a combination which could not fail to uplift the whole world.

Garrett P. Serviss, who writes a great deal on popular scientific subjects, has been discussing the so-called Fourth Dimension. Mr. Serviss illustrates how the idea may be analogically grasped by the use of the imagination. If we eliminate one of the three dimensions with which we are familiar, say thickness, and use the other two as an arbitrary basis from which to consider our ordinary sense experiences, we would then be living in an assumed world with but the two dimensions of length and breadth. This would be a sufficient basis from which to account for a multitude of perceptions. But the moment anything moving up and down should cross the plane of our flat world we would be in contact with it, though utterly unable to account for it. It would appear as a supernatural event, born out of nothing at the instant of its transit through our plane of perception, and in the same instant vanishing into thin air. Just so, in the theory of a fourth dimension. Assuming that such a dimension actually exists, any contact with it would, from the basis of three-dimensional reasoning, be entirely inexplicable and contrary to nature—as we know it. Are there any such inexplicable contacts? Mr. Serviss cites the passage of a body through a solid wall, without obstruction, and "spiritualistic" phenomena, as possible illustrations of such phenomena. He might have added the equally well known one of knots being tied in an endless cord, and many others going on before our eyes, so to say, but not yet looked at from the fourth-dimensional standpoint. Mr. Serviss concludes by pronouncing that all such "reasoning is purely speculative. Nothing is ever absolutely proved by it, and if the idea of the fourth dimension had not found its way into so many books and writings, as well as into the conversation of people, I would advise you to pay no attention to it. But it is one of the phenomena of our intensely curious age which all intelligent persons must take note of, and, besides, we don't know to what the incessant progress of the human mind may ultimately lead." Which closing phrase is what the lawyers call "saving an exception." In the title of his article Mr. Serviss calls the fourth dimension the "Mystery of the Universe," and in the course of his remarks speaks of it as "metaphysical and not scientific."

It might be perceived, even by a layman, that without metaphysics no science is possible, since it is assuredly with his mind that Mr. Serviss as well as others must consider any kind of phenomena. The real mystery of the universe is why men of science, who must be students of nature, should endeavor to solve the problems of what might be termed a "seven-dimensional" universe, from the basis of two-dimensional reasoning. Of the three dimensions we know, even a scientist must admit that two of them at least, "length" and "breadth," are purely metaphysical, since they are not "physical"; and the third, "thickness," cannot be seen.

It is good to turn to the clear words of H. P. B. on the subject of the "fourth dimension," for they speak with the authority of knowledge in regions where scientists can only vaguely speculate. None the less, the knowledge does not lie in the statement, but in the application. When *applied,* Madame Blavatsky's teaching in this, as in other matters, will be seen to be authoritative because fully explanatory. The difference does not lie in the reasoning power, but in the basis adopted. Madame Blavatsky's basis is all-inclusive, hence no phenomena are inexplicable from it. Modern science, on the contrary, finds itself compelled every day to modify its basis of reasoning because of contact with phenomena that can neither be denied nor explained. And this must ever remain true of enquiry from an empirical standpoint. But let us see what light is shed from the *Secret Doctrine* on this subject.

In the Original Edition of that work, at page 251 (third and subsequent editions, page 271), she writes:

> "To begin with, of course, the superficial absurdity of assuming that Space itself is measurable in any direction is of little consequence. The familiar phrase can only be an abbreviation of the fuller form—the *'Fourth dimension of* MATTER *in Space.'* . . . The characteristics of matter must clearly bear a direct relation always to the senses of man. Matter has extension, colour, molecular motion, taste, and smell, corresponding to the existing senses of man, and by the time that it fully develops the next characteristic—let us call it for the moment PERMEABILITY—this will correspond to the next sense of man—let us call it 'NORMAL CLAIRVOYANCE'; thus, when some bold thinkers have been thirsting for a fourth dimension to explain the passage of matter through matter, and the production of knots upon an endless cord, what they were really in want of, was a *sixth characteristic of matter.* The three dimensions belong really but to one attribute or characteristic of matter—extension; and popular common sense justly rebels against the idea that under any condition of things there can be more than three of such dimensions as length, breadth, and thickness. These terms, and the term 'dimension' itself, all belong to one plane of thought, to one stage of evolution, to one characteristic of matter. So long as there are foot-rules within the resources of Kosmos, to apply to matter, so long will they be able to measure it three ways and no more; and from the time the idea of measurement first occupied a place in the human understanding, it has been possible to apply measurement in three directions and no more. But these considerations do not militate in any way against the certainty that in the progress of time—as the faculties of humanity are multiplied—so will the characteristics of matter be multiplied also. Meanwhile, the expression is far more incorrect than even the familiar one of the 'Sun rising and setting.'"

In another place she quotes one of the MASTERS as saying in reference to the SEVEN STATES OF MATTER of our globe or world that "they are in CO-ADUNITION but not in CONSUBSTANTIALITY." The theosophist, recognizing the existence of these seven states of matter, each with characteristics appropriate and peculiar to itself, as well as senses and faculties making up a state of consciousness corresponding thereto, is not driven either to deny the occurrence of phenomena due to contact between different states of matter and different planes of consciousness, or to speculative efforts to explain the one in terms of the other. Recognizing the unity of all in nature, and consciously aware that the one power of perception reaches up and down through all the states and planes, he uses it to synthesize and co-ordinate his experiences on any and all planes, and sees no unsolvable "mystery" anywhere. "The fourth dimension" can never be understood from the basis of three-dimensional perceptions, no matter how frequent experiences we might have of the "passage of matter through matter." Dreams can never be understood from the standpoint of waking consciousness, no matter how often they tie hard knots in our endless attempts to fathom their nature. Nor can the great mystery of death and birth be solved by any number of "spiritualistic" phenomena. For all these are but phenomena due to the interpenetration of states of consciousness with states of matter, and cannot be studied analytically with any success until approached from the firm foundation of the all-inclusive philosophy of the Theosophy taught by H. P. B.

The dying words of Nero—"What an artist is lost in me!"—seem, in the verdict of history, the last froth of vanity from the lips of an infamous monster. History remembers his orgies and his crimes, so that in reading of him we are apt to see him only in the single picture of a drunken reveler framed in the sufferings inflicted on his victims. Yet Nero must have formed a consistent whole in his career, and the background of the emperor is the

man himself. That man, curious as it may appear, is recorded as having been a pupil, and a fairly diligent one, of the best philosophers of his time. All his life he essayed music, poetry, architecture, philosophy, and believed himself not merely gifted and favored of the gods, but of deific essence himself. Novelists have more than once seized on this contrast between Nero the maniac emperor, and the darling of the gods as he believed himself to be, to show the startling possibilities of mental action in an unrestrained field of expression. What little of psychology exists in the West is more often found in the imaginative writings of the story-tellers than in the more pretentious students. Nero, a man born with capacity and intellect, becomes emperor of Rome. There, surrounded with flattery, in a current that set without opposition in whatever direction he looked, his mounting egotism becomes his god. The power of the emperor, the deference with which it was surrounded, became his power, and the deference and irresistible and spontaneous tribute from all the world to Nero. It is a study in the psychology of the human mind when clothed in the purple of believed-in supremacy.

Since the advent of the teachings of Theosophy, with its revelation of the nature and possibilities inherent in every human being, there are many who have gone Nero's road. Fascinated with what they have learned of other planes in nature, eager for occult preferment, thirsting for supernormal experiences, they have plunged headlong through every passage that might seem a door to the unknown, regardless of where it might lead, sure of their own discrimination under any and all circumstances. "The Astral plane" has been the lure of destruction, where all contributed to gratify their desire for the marvellous, where their empire seemed supreme, their artistry unquestioned. Like Nero, these have all been students of the philosophy, all convinced of the reality of their own powers, never suspicious of the fatal glamour of the environment in which they move, and when moral suicide overtakes them, they exclaim, "what an artist is lost in me!"

A good deal of attention and interest has been excited in England by the book, "The Dreams of Orlow," a recital of the astral experiences of a student of the "occult." Its counterpart, in a way, in America, has been the "Letters From a Living Dead Man," and many others of the same order. They all deal with the hidden side of life, and all have more or less to say about reincarnation, karma, and other theosophical teachings. These form what might be called the marginal decorations of what in fact tends only to arouse curiosity, in itself a purely animal quality, and an itch to emulate and obtain for one's self one's own share of first-hand experiences in things mysterious. There is in none of the countless literature of spiritism, spiritualism, kabalism, and the varieties of "occultism" under discussion, any record of the arousal of the higher nature in any one, if by higher nature we mean that which tends to the strict performance of one's duties in life, the cultivation of the moral qualities, the formation of an unselfish and steadfast character. Can we imagine ourselves entrusting the great responsibilities in life, such as parenthood, the care of children, the welfare of the community and the state, by preference to those who have been most zealous in the lore of the "occult arts" and most successful in astral voyaging? Yet really to be a theosophist, really to be a student of Occultism, really to be a searcher for things spiritual, is to be ever more and more trustworthy in any capacity in life. Scant wonder that the stern philosophy and the clear, consistent, practical morality inculcated by H. P. B. and W. Q. J. should prove less and less attractive to the seeker for "powers" and the assiduous cultivator of marvelous phenomena.

Take two sentences from H. P. B.'s article, "Occultism Versus the Occult Arts." In one she says,

> "The 'Astral man' is *not the companion of the divine Ego but of the earthly body.* It is the link between the personal Self and the Body, and is the vehicle of *transitory, not of immortal life.*"

If this is true—and the proofs are all too abundant in the shattered lives of those who seek Wisdom and spiritual Life through the separation of this "vehicle of transitory life" from the physical body—then one may lay aside all desire for such abnormal experiences in the same way and for the same reason one would set aside any wish to cultivate the experiences of drunkenness, of narcotics and opiates. And one would set aside all literature or associations whose real tendency is to induce familiarity with this "night side of nature" in unseen realms.

The other sentence referred to reads as follows:

> "Sensual, or even mental self-gratification, involves the *immediate loss of the powers of spiritual discernment; the voice of the* MASTER *can no longer be distinguished from that of one's passions or even that of a Dugpa;* the right from wrong; sound morality from mere casuistry. The Dead Sea fruit assumes the most glorious mystic appearance, only to turn to ashes on the lips."

The history of occultism and mysticism in all the religions no less than in the era of the present Theosophical Movement, has ever had for its concomitant this mass of wreckage of the foolish, the unwary, and the selfish seekers in forbidden paths for the fruits of the tree of knowledge. Surely the highest of spiritual gifts is Discrimination, and that is lost the moment the straight and narrow way is departed from. With the ever-increasing flood of literature that, if not intentionally left-hand, is, in its least harmful tendency, calculated to awake and strengthen those qualities in us all which most need eradication, it is the present pressing duty of all true students to spread broadcast, as widely and as quickly as possible the true Occultism embodied in the writings of Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Judge. For this is a Roman age.

The Messenger for September contains an article by Irving S. Cooper entitled "Peters and Psychism," which should afford a starting point for a return towards sanity and the study of the teachings of H. P. Blavatsky by many members of the theosophical society with which Mr. Cooper and *The Messenger* are affiliated—not to speak of the many other societies and groups with "occult" and mystical leanings. An application of the lessons taught in "Peters and Psychism" to the immediate literature that has been chiefly in evidence in the various theosophical and occult societies for the last twenty years would at once open the eyes of many otherwise sincere but misguided students to the fact that the texts they have been reading with diligence, and the practices they have been following with assiduity, are the fruit and product of that very psychism that Mr. Cooper's article pictures with good-tempered but sharp satire. "Peters" is told:

> "You are on the wrong track. Spirituality and the higher psychism are not won by concentrating on the solar plexus or holding your breath. There is only one sure foundation for any sort of real development, and that is a strong and noble character. What have you done to strengthen your character, to render more noble your qualities of mind and heart? Nothing at all? Too busy with psychic tricks?
>
> "Did you stop to ask yourself, after your vision came, whether you were pure enough, unselfish enough, strong enough, for such a high office?"

For "Peters" had had visions. He had confided to his mentor the greatness of what had occurred and what was in store in these words:

> "I have attained, but my lips are sealed by a vow of silence. I have been led from height to height, from pinnacle to pinnacle, from initiation to initiation. Soon my great work will commence in the world. I but await word from the Great One."

Then "Peters" was told that his egotism was so colossal that he believed the vision true, and that he had been carrying around with him a "fearful burden of stupendous destiny":

> "In your own estimation you had the power to accomplish anything and everything, and this very egotism is the cause of your undoing. To-day you swaggered into my room wearing an air of spiritual superiority. . . .
>
> "The Initiate does not waste time thinking of himself, he never dreams of displaying his psychic powers, he is not anxious to look up your past lives and enumerate the colors of your aura. . . .
>
> "You have attained, Peters, but not to Initiation. The height you reached was the dizzy pinnacle of self-worship, self-glorification. The initiations through which you passed were those into the mysteries of your own imagination, wherein conceit plied the magic wand. . . . What we need more than anything else in this world, if we are to keep our feet upon the slippery pathway leading to the goal of real attainment, is profound humility. Truly we are but little people, toddling infants, and humility should be our shield, as selflessness is our goal. How can we, with our untrained minds, our wandering thoughts, our childish sense of values, our unconscious selfishness, our unpurified and uncontrolled bodies, be of help to the world in developing psychism?
>
> "Drop all this psychic nonsense, Peters, and take your real training in hand, the training offered by this wonderful old world of ours. Look around you. Everywhere there are people you can serve. See, here are sorrowing hearts you can comfort; there is ignorance you can remove. On every side are vice, weakness and frailty you can help to overcome. Is not this work the most glorious privilege on earth? . . . Try hard to serve the Master by serving Humanity . . . and never forget the teaching of the Master that *the time and strength that it takes to gain psychic powers might be spent in work for others.*"

Had those who have been the leaders, guides and counsellors of the various sects and cults into which has been broken the once great Theosophical Society, heeded the oft-repeated admonitions of Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Judge, we cannot doubt that that Society would have continued an instrument of service to the Masters who ever strive to aid that great orphan—Humanity—a true and united "nucleus of Universal Brotherhood." But the thirst for psychic powers proved too strong for them, as for "Peters," and the result has been all that it should not have been. With the single exception of Mr. Judge, *every prominent worker in the ranks of the old Society succumbed to the lure of some personal psychological experience.* To the warnings and advice of H. P. B., of Mr. Judge, and of the real Masters for whom they spoke, these old students turned deaf ears, sure of themselves, their visions and their own greatness, even as "Peters" replies to his friend:

> "I will try to remember everything you said, so as to be able to help people—*when I commence my great work next week as a seer.*"

Mr. Cooper and all other students of real Theosophy in the various theosophical societies can render no greater service to the cause of Theosophy, to their fellow-students, and to the world at large, than by exposing the conceits and egotisms posing and peacocking as teachers and authorities; by decrying psychism; and, above all, by pointing all and sundry to true Theosophy and its true Teachers—H. P. B. and W. Q. J.